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The Week

IN a small way New York city has lately been through a general labor crisis. To unemployment, daily growing more acute, have been added strikes following one another in rapid succession. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, after several months of struggle, have won a substantial victory, the chief element of which was the achievement of a 44-hour week. The hotel workers are still on strike and 8,000 furriers have voted to go out if their demands are not granted. The harbor workers are awaiting the findings of the War Labor Board, with the comfortable assurance of virtue in having submitted their case to arbitration when the boat owners refused, and the still more comfortable knowledge that at a day's notice they can tie up the whole vast traffic of New York harbor. The New York firemen, organized as the City Firemen's Union affiliated with the International Association of Fire Fighters of the American Federation of Labor, are backing with all their force a Socialist resolution in the Board of Aldermen requesting the establishment of a three-platoon system in the New York Fire Department. A similar measure is now before the Legislature at Albany. Whether the firemen will strike, as they did in Cleveland, to win an eight-hour day, will probably depend upon the action of the city and the State. The most immediate and crucial symptom of the general labor unrest is the strike of some 35,000 ladies' garment workers for a 44-hour week, a 15 per cent. increase in wages, and "permission to a representative of the union to visit the shops once a month in order to ascertain whether the standards established by the protocol are observed." The deeper issue appears to be the future maintenance of the protocol. This treaty of industrial peace has in many respects proved galling to both sides. By cutting off the power of general and shop strikes it has tied the workers' hands; by depriving the employers of the right of arbitrary discharge it has interfered in a peculiarly irritating way with the direction of business. Before the strike was called the union met the situation with a conclusive statement to the manufacturers. "We are prepared," they said, "to meet you on either side of the proposition; you may claim absolute freedom to discharge your workers justly or unjustly, fairly or unfairly, and in that case we must reserve our right to secure redress against abuses of unfair employers by such means as we have at our command; or you may limit your right of discharge and in that event we shall be quite ready to surrender our rights to strike against discharges." Several hundred manufacturers have already agreed to the first three points of the workers' demands; but the protocol question still hangs in the balance. Whenever the strike ends and whoever wins, it looks as though the protocol were destined to come out the loser.

IF the "manufacturers and business interests" that have deluged the New York Legislature and the Governor with protests against the appointment of Frances Perkins as a member of the State Industrial Commission were wise in their generation, they would give up this attitude of opposition. With one voice they have raised the cry that Miss Perkins is "an extremist regarding labor reforms." They remember that Miss Perkins has objected to improper fire escapes in their factories, to locked doors and doors that open inward, to hideous holocausts that have sacrificed men and girls for want of a little decent caution. Through her valiant work as executive secretary of the Committee on Safety, Miss Perkins has doubtless added largely to the overhead expense of many manufacturers in the State. All this they remember. Is it reasonable, then, that they should allow their good taxes to be spent in maintaining Miss Perkins in a position where she may do them yet more harm? Can any man be expected to pay his own executioner? Such, it appears, is the reasoning of the "manufacturers and business interests." Republican Senators have carried the opposition a step further. They have discovered that no woman has ever before held an $8,000 position in the State Government, and that Miss Perkins adds to the folly of being a woman the unwisdom of not being an enrolled Republican. The business interests and their guardians in the Senate have plausibility and casual reasoning on their side; but it seems doubtful whether a longer look at the immediate labor problems the country is facing should not make them regard with greater favor an industrial commissioner who knows something about industry. Her arduous training with the Consumer's League and the Committee on Safety and the State Factory Investigating Commission may have made Miss Perkins "an extremist regarding labor reforms." It is safe to say that only such a person can be expected to understand the problems that darken the future. Only by sympathy and great wisdom and perhaps extreme reforms can this country and its manufacturers and business interests be saved from the bogey of "Bolshevism," which they seem honestly to dread. In our issue of January 11 we said that the test of Governor Smith's administration would be the appointments he made. By standing firm on his appointment of Miss Perkins against protest and threats the Governor has earned one real credit mark.

THAT there is a growing interest in trade acceptances as a means of financing both foreign and domestic trade was indicated by the recent meeting of the American Trade Acceptance Council The Federal Reserve Act allows member banks to "accept" drafts or bills of exchange drawn upon it, having a maturity not to exceed six months, growing out of certain specified commercial transactions. The failure of American banks in the past to make use of the acceptance method so highly developed on the other side of the Atlantic has been one of the conspicuous weaknesses of our system, and the attempt made in the Federal Reserve Act to encourage this eminently economical practice was one of the valuable features of that law. But no legislation can change business practice, and the understanding and utilization of the new method can come about only gradually as a result of the education of the banking and business community. Some of the leading Eastern financial institutions are devoting considerable effort to the popularization of the trade accept-

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ance; once its benefits are properly understood, it may be expected to make rapid progress, for its advantages are real, and the objections to its use rest almost wholly upon misunderstanding and lack of knowledge. Under the present American practice large amounts of capital are tied up in open book accounts. The general use of the acceptance system would transform these sums into liquid capital by changing them from individual obligations of the debtor into liabilities of the accepting bank. They would thus come to have a wide acceptability among banks and business men, while the re-discount facilities afforded by the Federal Reserve banks would make them among the most liquid of bank assets. Under these conditions, American banks should not delay in adopting a practice which has proved its worth in a wide range of European experience.

THE deficiency bill reported to the House by the Appropriations Committee on January 25 ordered the cancellation of war contracts aggregating $7,179,156,944 and the withdrawal of authorizations amounting to $8,221,029,294. The ordinary man will heave a sigh of relief as he reads of the saving of this huge sum, and will not take the trouble to look at the report in which it is announced; yet every thoughtful person in the United States ought to give attention to the lesson that it enforces. Chairman Sherley points out that "the repeal of appropriations and the withdrawal of authorizations has been confined to the military and naval establishments, not because funds voted to other departments are all required, for such is not the fact, but because the magnitude of the task made impossible at this time a review of the other departments, and it is hoped that in connection with the Sundry Civil and other bills many of these surplus funds may be dealt with." It further adds: "The labors of the committee have been greatly added to because of the absence of any uniform system of keeping accounts by the various departments, and it desires to express the hope that Congress may provide soon for such a system of accounting." The looseness of our appropriation system and the laxity of our control of expenditures are indicated clearly enough even by these two brief quotations. We have followed the happy-go-lucky method of making appropriations in such sums as bureau heads may guess to be necessary for carrying on their work, with no central authority responsible for a unified plan of work and for the economical expenditure of funds. Any business concern that should proceed on such a system would go bankrupt without delay, and the United States has been able to follow it without disaster only because of our great wealth and the comparative lightness of Government expenditures; but we have reached the point where we must learn the lesson of responsibility and economy in public affairs. Of all the practical reforms calling for enactment at the present moment, none is more pressing than the installation of a scientific budget system. The measure makes no great dramatic appeal, and therefore does not attract the attention that it deserves, but all good citizens should support it in season and out of season.

IN the maze of charges and counter-charges that have been hurled back and forth between the packers and the Federal Trade Commission during the past year it has been difficult for the non-technical outsider to determine just where the truth lay. The rapid changes in personnel of the Commission and the character of some of its reports have tended to deprive its findings of the finality that ought to attach to the conclusions of a body charged with its responsible duties, and the extraordinary conditions in the food industry brought about by the war have led to a suspension of judgment by sober-minded observers as to the criticisms of the relations between the packers and the Food Administration. On the other hand, the reply of the packers has been far from satisfactory. To tell how many hundreds of millions of pounds of meat have been sent abroad to the army, and to point out that profits are only between one and two cents on each dollar of sales, is not to set at rest charges of monopoly and of unfair practices in the manipulation of live-stock markets, in the restriction of interstate and international supplies of foods, in the control of prices, in the defrauding of producers and consumers, in the crushing of effective competition, in the securing of special privileges from railways, stockyard companies, and municipalities, and in profiteering—to enumerate the definite charges of the Trade Commission. It is, therefore, a matter of large public interest that the packers have now appeared in person before the committees of Congress to present their case, and they deserve credit for such action. The public is little likely to be influenced in their favor, however, by the testimony given by Messrs. Armour and Swift during the past week. Notwithstanding formal denial, they have practically admitted that the Big Five act in harmony in the conduct of many important features of their business, they have given no explanation of their profits that will prove very satisfactory at a time when high food prices are matter of universal complaint, and they have been obliged to tell of the employment of newspaper men as lobbyists in Washington—a practice calculated to bring them small favor among a people that have grown extremely sensitive as to the relations between their Government and the great business interests of the country.

STUDENTS of political and social development in the United States are watching with interest the course of the North Dakota Legislature, which is controlled in both houses by the Non-Partisan League. We called attention in our issue of December 28 to the approval by the people of a constitutional amendment empowering the legislature to exempt from taxation improvements on farm property. A dispatch to the New York *Times*, under date of January 25, states that the Legislature has under consideration a measure which not only makes such exemption, but also exempts from taxation improvements on city property up to $2,500 in value, provided the total value of such improvements does not exceed $3,500. If their value exceeds that amount, the owner must pay a tax on the entire property. In order to render land speculation unprofitable, it is likewise proposed to assess idle land, along with railways and public utilities, at 100 per cent. of actual value, while land under crops will be assessed at only 50 per cent. There is under consideration a plan to create an Industrial Commission of three members—the Governor, the Attorney General, and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor—which will be authorized to conduct and operate any and all industrial enterprises that the State may establish. It will appoint, and may remove with or without cause at any time, the head of the State bank and the director of the elevator and milling enterprises which it is proposed to establish. The State bank scheme is central to the whole undertaking. It is to be established with a capital of $2,000,000, to be raised by the issuance of State bonds. All public moneys including $25,000,000

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annually collected in taxes, as well as other funds held by the State school and university land fund, are to be held in the State bank, and it is also hoped to bring into it some $40,000,000 now held by State banks as reserves in Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Chicago. Terminal elevators and flour mills are to be established under the direct jurisdiction of the State Industrial Commission, the Governor being the actual directing head of the whole system. A plan for extensive State operation of the lignite mines is also under consideration. This extraordinary programme of State enterprise has not yet reached the stage of final enactment, but as the members of the majority are pledged to carry out the legislation endorsed by the caucus, it is expected that the Legislature will complete its work and adjourn by February 10. It is not on the further side of the Atlantic alone that radical political and economic experiments of uncommon interest and significance are under way.

THE resolution of the peace conference regarding a league of nations contains little more than the statement that such a league is "essential to the maintenance of the world settlement which the associated nations are now met to establish," that it "should be open to every civilized nation which can be relied on to promote its objects," and that a committee has been appointed to draft a form of constitution. More than this, of course, was hardly to be expected at this stage. That the conference should have gone so far, however, is a great victory for President Wilson's contention that the idea of a league of nations should be approved before the specific terms of peace are agreed upon. On the other hand, if the press dispatches are to be relied upon, the committee will hardly have a free hand, it being credibly reported that a plan, based apparently upon proposals put forward by General Smuts and endorsed by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, has already been drawn up and is likely to have the approval of the conference. A meagre summary of the plan contained in an Associated Press dispatch from Paris states that the main feature "will be the establishment of machinery for handling international disputes," to be based "on an agreement among the members of the league not to interfere with the territorial integrity of states or to permit others to interfere with them." Beyond the proposal of a general conference of the delegates of all nations, a smaller international council, a permanent secretariat, and a permanent Court of International Justice for the settlement of justiciable disputes, the details of the contemplated machinery are not disclosed. Formal provision for coercion, however, is rejected. On the question of disarmament the summary is vague. Until the text of the plan is available, the practical aspects of the question must be looked upon as only another illustration of secret diplomacy.

THE recent German election gives no one party an absolute majority in the National Assembly, but the Majority Socialists, with 164 members out of a total of 421, will hold the balance of power. The Christian People's party, the successor of the former Centre or Clerical party, comes next with 88 members; the Democrats, formerly the Progressives and National Liberals, elected 77 members; the German National Party, a fusion of the old Conservative and Pan-German groups, 34; the Minority Socialists, 24; and the German People's party, 23. The remaining eleven seats are divided among four small parties. There are no Polish members, the Poles in Posen having for the most part refrained from voting, as did the Danes in Schleswig. Of the 421 members, 34 are women. The complete figures of the popular vote have not, at this writing, been made public, but the majority Socialists are reported to have polled about forty per cent. of the total. Whatever combination of parties may be effected in the National Assembly, it seems likely that the Majority Socialists will control. The latter, the party of Ebert, have been strengthened by the withdrawal of the radicals who formed the Independent Socialist party, and have much political sympathy with the Democrats. A combination of these two parties would give a majority of thirty in the National Assembly. On the other hand the Christian People's party, with which a good many Protestants are reported to have voted, is relatively weaker in numbers and apparently more progressive in spirit than was the old Catholic Centre, but its prevailing temper is still one of opposition to Socialism, and it will be the principal element of the Right. The general defeat of the extreme radical candidates makes it probable that the Assembly, in spite of the disorganized conditions which still obtain in Germany, will be dominated by the moderates, and that the bourgeois elements will be strong enough to make themselves heard. The outcome of the election, held as it was under more difficult conditions than are likely ever to occur again, augurs well for the ability of the German people, once they are given a chance, to set their political house in order.

THE German National Assembly, which is to meet at Weimar on February 6, will have before it the draft of a proposed national Constitution, drawn up as a basis for discussion by the Ministry of the Interior. The most striking feature of the instrument is the division of Germany into federated republics, and the inclusion of German Austria, with Vienna, in the proposed national boundaries. The largest of the new republics is Berlin, comprising the city and rural districts of Greater Berlin, with a population of about 10,000,000. The executive power is vested in a President, to be elected by popular vote for a term of seven years. The legislative department comprises a Reichstag of two houses, one representing the States or republics, and the other chosen by the people by secret, direct, and universal suffrage on the principle of proportional representation. All persons over twenty years of age, both men and women, are allowed to vote. The term of service in each chamber is limited to three years. The Chancellor, who is to be appointed by the President, is made responsible to the lower house. The draft Constitution provides for the free exercise of religion, free scientific instruction of various grades, and a readjustment of landed properties with a view to the better distribution of population. The powers reserved to the national Government include foreign relations, defence, banks, currency, weights and measures, railway and river transportation, post and telegraphs, motor traffic and aviation, questions of nationality and domicile, emigration and immigration, law and judicial procedure, labor legislation, navigation, and various matters having to do with the press, public meetings, and education. The Constitution, of which a summary only has thus far been cabled to this country, appears to be an interesting attempt to combine some of the features of the American federal system, including fixed terms for the legislative and executive, and the more elastic provisions of the British parliamentary system.

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The Invitation to Russia

THE motives which induced the peace conference to invite representatives of all the Russian Governments, real or pretended, to meet at Princes' Islands and talk things over were undoubtedly various. Whatever they were, however, the action itself is in the highest degree praiseworthy, and ought to have the hearty approval of everybody everywhere who at heart really cares for Russia and its people and desires that justice shall be done. If, as press reports affirm, the action was due primarily to President Wilson, it is a striking testimony to the weight of his influence and a distinct credit to his sense of fairness and right. However unsatisfactory his attitude with regard to Russia may have been in the past, his course in this instance calls only for commendation. It is entirely possible, too, that the representatives of the other Powers may have seen in the suggestion an opportunity to extricate their Governments from the dangerous and impossible positions which some of them, particularly France, have assumed toward the Russian imbroglio. If so, they may in due time be grateful for the service which Mr. Wilson has done them.

One result of the decision has already been highly satisfactory. A considerable number of prominent personages and their newspaper allies, who have been playing their game more or less under cover, have been forced to come out into the open and show their hands. The emigrant Russian princes and princesses, ex-Ambassadors of the Czar and Kerensky, and secret agents, who, safely in exile in Europe or America and abundantly supplied with money from mysterious sources, have been filling the press of both continents with denunciations of the Soviet Government or the Bolsheviki, or acclaiming Kolchak and his followers as the only Government worth considering in Russia, or clamoring for an international army (to be paid for chiefly through American loans) large enough to occupy Russia from end to end, and who in the meantime have been carrying on an impudent and insidious propaganda through so-called "information" bureaus and other camouflaged organizations, are now protesting volubly and with tears that the conference has made a dreadful mistake, declaring angrily that it is impossible to treat with assassins and anarchists, and insisting that such a discussion as the conference has asked for would be little short of a crime. For all this the public should be grateful. It is well that the world should know, in order that it may remember, the names and the standing of those who have been working in secret for the restoration of the Russian monarchy, or speaking for the Grand Dukes and the titled aristocracy who were Russia's curse, or scheming to recover the political influence which they lost by their own misconduct.

On the other hand, the implications which the action of the peace conference holds are obviously weighty. It must be assumed that the representatives of the Powers, in inviting a conference with the representatives of Russia, propose to go into the conference with entire sincerity and with an open mind; that the situation with regard to Russia, and the action to be taken in according or withholding recognition, have not been prejudged and virtually decided in advance; and that, in the interval, the time required for assembling and holding the conference and debating upon it afterwards is not to be used in furthering plans for some sort of coercion of Russia later. So far as the statement issued by the peace conference goes, it is unimpeachable on this point, but anything less than the strictest adherence to its spirit as well as to its letter would be a monstrous perversion of justice and equity, an open insult to Russia and its people, and a stain upon the honor of the peace negotiators and their Governments which no subsequent good conduct in other directions would avail to wipe out. If the Powers allow themselves to deviate by a hair's breadth from the course which, by unescapable inference, they have now marked out for themselves, President Wilson would be justified in washing his hands of the peace conference and appealing to the peoples of the world against their Governments.

How are the implications which inhere in the resolution of the peace conference to be realized in fact? Some of the prerequisites, at least, are clear. The delegates who are to represent the Allies and the United States in the discussions at Princes' Islands ought to be men of the highest character, competent by education, knowledge, and training to deal with the maze of facts and arguments which will be presented, and able to judge impartially the claims of the contending parties. There should be no place for partisans, or incompetents, or men with narrow vision, or reactionaries of any shade. No greater calamity could arise to cloud the future of Russia and the world's peace than that the men who represent the Allies and the United States, however high their intellectual equipment or technical repute, should nevertheless be of those in whose impartial judgment the world could have no confidence. Further, there ought to be no hurrying to get through and get away, and no attempt to restrict either the manner or the matter of debate. It is due to Russia that its spokesmen, whatever the character of the Governments which they will represent, should be allowed to argue their case in their own way, to present all the data which they deem relevant, and to be listened to with the respect which is implied in the invitation which they have received. It is to be hoped that the conference will allow them nothing less than this courtesy.

That the proceedings at Princes' Islands should also be public, and that every possible provision should be made for reporting them in the press, goes without saying. We must not forget that there are special reasons why the entire record in this case should be open to the light. The facts regarding Russia have for more than a year been withheld from the public or misrepresented. Russia is at this moment practically cut off, by deliberate action of the Allies and the United States, from communication with the rest of the world by cable, telegraph, wireless, or post; commerce has practically ceased, and personal communication goes on mainly in subterranean ways. Gross partisanship on the one hand and heated denunciation on the other still characterize the bulk of the Russian "news" which reaches the public through the press. This great wrong should be righted. If the conclusions of the conference are to stand as the mature opinion of the nations, and if Russia is to be brought once more within the world family of free peoples, it will only be because the peoples of the world, with all the facts before them, have approved the action of their representatives. It is not the Allied and American Governments, but the people who are asked to sustain their decisions, who have now to be disillusioned and informed. The magnitude of the decision dictates that the conference, whatever else it does or fails to do, should take the world into its confidence and let all its doings be known.

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The New Sherlock Holmes

ALL the world loves a sleuth. In the days of our boyhood, we followed with a shuddering fascination the escapes of "The Spy of the Rebellion," and Anna Katharine Green holds us enthralled to this day. But never had our flesh crept as when reading the revelations made before the horrified members of the Senate Judiciary Committee by Archibald E. Stevenson, who now, in view of Secretary Baker's statement, appears in a somewhat equivocal light as not the head of the propaganda bureau of the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department. Mr. Overman and his associates had already given us a well-nigh perfect example of how not to conduct an investigation: First create an atmosphere of horror; then give to any notoriety-seeking swivel-chair hero in Washington *carte blanche* to blackguard respectable and responsible citizens to his heart's content. After A. Bruce Bielaski, of the Department of Justice, had had his brief day of glory and had launched his tiny quiver of poisoned darts, we had hoped for a rest, for we find the Overman Committee very tiresome.

But our hope was vain. The gallant Mr. Stevenson was snatched from his shrinking retirement to furnish a "Who's Who" of pacifist and radical intellectuals in the college hotbeds of sedition, and why? Senator King gives us the answer:

> In these universities there has been a festering mass of pure atheism and the grossest kind of materialism and of teachings destructive of our form of government and the civilization which a Christian Government recognizes. We ought to weed out and drive out of the universities these pernicious teachers.

We seem to miss "pro-German" and "Bolshevik murderers" and other familiar items from the indictment, but "festering mass of pure atheism" does very well, and we catch the real point that the universities are to be purged of "pernicious teachers." Truth is to be made to prevail, so that no gentleman's son is henceforth to be exposed to the infection of ideas. Thus our wise Senators.

For twenty-four hours the academic world was agog, then on Saturday last the battle-axe flashed bright and sixty-two heads rolled in the dust. The deed was done and the universities were purged. To be sure, only fifteen of those empty heads had rested on professorial shoulders, while a scant half dozen more had belonged to ex-members of the craft. Two-thirds of the roll of victims proved to be non-academic, but what of that? America's two best-known women, whose very names have for a generation been synonymous with all that is best in the life of their respective communities, lent dignity and greatness to the list (to use Secretary Baker's apt phrase), and they were accompanied by clergymen of the highest repute, lawyers, professional men, and—lack-a-day—a handful of radical agitators. It would be difficult, perhaps, to compile offhand a better list of useful American citizens. But their lifelong activities must have concealed something dangerous.

Now comes the revelation, and our hair stands on end. We learn from Mr. Stevenson that since the beginning of the war the names of the sixty-two have been carried on the books of the Military Intelligence Division—proof complete of their treachery. Have they done anything contrary to law or hostile to the Government? Evidently not; for they have been watched by the sleepless army spies, who have discovered no fault in them. What more natural, then, more honorable, more in accordance with our instinct for fair play, than to give out their names, now that it is all over, as suspicious and dangerous characters? Since Mr. Bielaski's performance, we have never blamed Mr. Gregory for resigning; perhaps Mr. Stevenson expected Mr. Baker to pursue the same Chinese-debtor method with his own not-subordinate. Instead, that ungrateful official repudiates him.

But how came these names on Mr. Stevenson's books? This question has puzzled us greatly. It was evidently not for pacifism or failure to render service; at least one of the men listed was urging our entrance into the war when President Wilson was still exhorting us to be neutral even in thought; some of them have performed responsible confidential work for the Government. It was not for Socialism; the names represent every shade of economic opinion. It was not for pro-Kaiserism; our culprits have been the sturdiest foes of autocracy and oppression in every form. What then was the guiding principle of selection? Apparently the mighty intellects that coöperated to prepare this catalogue listed all the intelligent people of the country whose names they could find on the roster of any two organizations with titles containing the words "international," "intercollegiate," "civil liberties," "peace," "reconciliation," and other such-like terms of ill-omen. This done, they chose every tenth name, we judge, and proceeded to watch the owner. It was the very triumph of the card catalogue and the sampling system.

But the method, despite its excellences, has some defects. It does injustice to other citizens, both within and without the universities, whose ideas and activities are no less useful, as their intellectual independence is no less real, than that of the men thus chosen for honorable mention. A more serious defect connects itself with the purpose to be served by the publication of the list. The only plausible reason seems to be to besmirch leaders of liberal thought. The mechanical method is bound to miss some of the profoundest, and therefore the most dangerous, thinkers in the country. We could name offhand at least a dozen dangerously thoughtful men who have got off scot-free. This ought not to be. Better blacken ninety-nine innocent tory rattlepates than let one guilty liberal escape.

Our criticism of Mr. Stevenson, however, is not confined to his method. He did not go far enough. To mention but three cases, he failed to discover that Assistant Secretary Keppel has been Secretary of no less iniquitous an organization than the American Association for International Conciliation, and that the repudiatory Mr. Baker was drubbed within an inch of his life by the Daughters of the Revolution for an unlucky comparison between Washington's heroic forces at Valley Forge and Villa's bandits. And there is left wholly unscathed at least one former university president, whose record up to January 22, 1917, was notoriously bad.

Yet we would not be too critical. Mr. Stevenson can scarcely be expected to know everything. The list is a good one, and its preparation and publication required no small amount of indecency, ignorance, and stupidity. In such matters we are no sticklers for perfection. Some day there may arise a super-Overman Committee having at its disposal minds even narrower than those now at command; there may be ignorance even more colossal; there may be dispositions even more brutally callous to the injustices which they perpetrate. Then, perhaps we shall get all the liberals of the country enumerated in one list, and a new Mr. Stevenson may arise to cut off all their heads with one blow.

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The Espionage Act Once More

ACCORDING to the despatches, Sinn Fein, which won a sweeping victory in the late British election, has organized a Government of its own in Dublin, and Ireland has now set up for itself as a free and independent state. The Constitution of the new republican assembly provides that delegates shall be chosen from the existing constituencies of the country, and that the executive power shall be exercised by a Ministry of five members: a Prime Minister, and four others, nominated and removable by him, namely, Ministers of Finance, of Home Affairs, of Foreign Affairs, and of Defence. The assembly has already chosen three delegates to the peace conference, but two of them being in jail the duty of representation devolves upon Count Plunkett alone. The assembly itself, it seems, was forced to proceed short-handed, as thirty-four of the elected Sinn Feiners are in jail and several others are absent on a missionary tour in the United States.

The British Government meanwhile has followed a remarkable policy of inactivity. It was expected that the Crimes Act would be invoked and the congress suppressed. Ireland, according to all reports, is heavily garrisoned, and in the event of forcible opposition to the Castle Government, it was quite generally believed that the Irish Viceroy, Lord French, would take strong measures, possibly even before the assembly convened at the Mansion House. But apparently nothing of the sort happened. The British Government has so far kept its hands off and done nothing. No interference has been reported, nor have any collisions, and the lion does not seem even to have glanced around to see which cub it was that has been gnawing its tail.

All this is quite surprising, and under ordinary circumstances would give rise to a great deal of editorial speculation in the press of this country. Has the British Government undergone a change of heart with reference to Ireland? Has it got around finally, after a century or so of deliberation, to accept Burke's austere admonition, "Sir, it is proper to inform you that our measures must be healing?" Or is it paying out rope wherewith the new venture may ultimately hang itself? Or does it find that its prestige at the peace conference might be embarrassed by a domestic uprising at this time? All these questions, and many others more or less like them, occur to the mind at once, and under normal liberty of the press would probably be discussed with fulness and freedom.

But editorial comment has been extremely scanty and characterless—and with reason. The Espionage Act is still in force and puts a halo of great seriousness around any discussion of the subject until the British Government shows its hand or formally "passes." Should an editor find perchance a good word to say for Sinn Fein, then on the face of the news he is abetting sedition against a Government with which the United States is associated. Should he decorously and virtuously condemn the action of Sinn Fein, then he is criticising an associated Government which has acquiesced in an exercise of the admitted "rights of small nations," according to the official formula in such case made and provided; and he is again in a fair way to be haled before the judgment-seat, and to have his paper confiscated by the assiduous Mr. Burleson to boot. Suppose he accepts the attitude of the British Government as final and authoritative, and then on the heels of an editorial welcome to the new republic Mr. Lloyd George changes his mind—what becomes of him then, for the Espionage Act is retroactive? What possible course is left open to him?

As we see it, all that the American editor can do in the premises is to make an editorial paraphrase of President McKinley's words of cheer to the Boer delegation, as reported by Mr. Dooley.

"Iver since this war started me eyes have been fixed on the gallant or otherwise nation or depindency, fightin' its brave battle f'r freedom or rebellin' agin' th' sov'reign power, as the case may be," he says. "Unofficially, me sympathy has gone out to ye, an' bur'rnin' wurruds iv unofficial cheer has been communicated be me to me official fam'ly; not mind ye, as an official iv this magnificent an' liberty-lovin' raypublic, but as a private citizen," he says. "I feel, as a private citizen, that so long," he says, "as the bright star iv liberty shines resplindent over our common counthries, with th' example iv Washin'ton in ye'er eyes, an' th' iliction comin' on, that ye must go forward an' conker or die," he says. "An'," he says, "Willum McKinley is not th' man to put annything in ye'er way," he says.

For ourselves, we are glad to make a virtue of necessity—the virtue of good taste. Great Britain has declared that the regulation of Irish affairs is a "municipal matter," and we maintain that it is the very height of vulgarity to exhibit a crying curiosity about one's neighbor's domestic arrangements. Thus happily do we square ourselves with the Department of Justice and Mr. Burleson, and at the same time invite credit for displaying the true spirit of impeccable delicacy.

The Life That Really Is

THE eighteenth century ended in darkness and storm; the *dies tenebrarum atque caliginis* had come in France, and its shadow overspread all the nations of Europe. Enormous political convulsions cast down kings from their thrones and rolled their crowns at the feet of a mob. The date of the Revolution is 1789; and in 1791, when political disturbance was everywhere at its height, Mozart composed his "Magic Flute" and his Requiem. Between 1790 and 1792 Haydn composed six of his dozen most famous symphonies and in 1795 began the "Creation," which he finished three years later. When the French bombarded Vienna in 1809, a shot fell in his garden; apparently he did not notice it, and went on playing his seventy-seventh quartet.

Is it conceivable that anyone anywhere has not been wholly preoccupied with the war and its politics all these four years? Is there any one whose views of life and demands on life have not been wholly shaped and controlled by the newspapers and the utterances of what Whitman so well called "the blowing and bawling politician?" One would perhaps doubt it. Yet in one issue of the *Nation* we see offered to the public the first complete life of Lamartine; a most scholarly and exhaustive treatise on the descent of manuscripts; a volume on the royal government in Virginia; another on the administration of Warren Hastings; another on the game birds of California; and a whole series of sixteen studies in language and literature, the subjects ranging from Beowulf and the Niebelungen couplet down through a history of costuming on the English Stage between 1660 and 1823, to character-portrayal in the work of Henry James.

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"Οσα σεμνά, the Apostle said—"whatsoever things are nobly serious, dwell on them, keep turning them over and over in your mind." It is an encouraging and stabilizing observation to see how many have been doing that; and the foregoing illustrations are picked at random from one issue of one paper. Any other paper or any bookseller's list tells the same story. The foreign press reveals the same activity among men of other lands. Is there not here a rather profound criticism of the incessant preoccupation with politics and strategy which some of us have permitted ourselves—a criticism on the ground of its lack of intellectual seriousness? The judgment of the Time-Spirit seems to show that there may be. Of all who immersed themselves in the revolutionary politics of a century ago, few names are known; fewer still can be identified and assigned to their historical place. Yet Mozart is known. Haydn is known; and when in simple piety he wrote at the head of his manuscript *In Nomine Domini* and at the end *Laus Deo*, the best reason and judgment of man instinctively acknowledges his right to do so. Would it assent to the inscription *In Nomine Domini* at the head of the Treaty of Vienna, or would it be at once aware of a shocking, almost a comical, failure in intellectual seriousness? Could one read it with a straight face at the head of the Constitution of the league of nations?

We may be thankful, at all events, for this reminder that there is a strong self-preserving instinct in the race, an instinct which in spite of violence and temptation persistently cleaves to the best. In the ruck of war-books and the litter of special correspondence, one must many a time have been moved to believe with Marcus Aurelius that the qualities which make human nature great were all fled

Up to Olympus from the wide-spread earth.

Yet they were not; and now we have the evidence that during their temporary effacement, scholars, men of letters, poets, musicians, dramatists, have not permitted their ennobling pursuits to be superseded or even seriously interrupted. The American Statistical Association published its bulky memorial volume last year, an admirable piece of editing and presswork, made up of contributions furnished during the war by specialists of all countries. Just now, too, has been brought out the first adequate description in English of the art of landscape etching among the Dutch. A three-volume history of Henry Fielding has also come before us. Another scholar has chosen the present as a good time to bring out a volume on the sources of the Hexateuch, and still another has prepared one for early publication on the development of the American novel. Sir James George Frazer has added three important volumes, "Folklore in the Old Testament," to his vast contributions to our knowledge of folklore, ethnology, and kindred subjects, embodied in "The Golden Bough." We have yet to hear some really inspiring note from the poets and musicians, who, during this war at least, seem to have been sadly inarticulate. Still we are confident that the muses of poetry and music are not dead but sleep. When they awake, will there be found among their apostles a successor to Goethe and to Haydn? In fine, we are proving once more the animating and consoling truth that "man is a creature of a large discourse, looking before and after." Not by politics or "public affairs" does he really live, nor yet by the bread of economics alone. His true life, his life that really is, can be expressed only in terms of spiritual activity. However he may wish to identify himself as a political animal, the mere selective process of time inexorably reveals him to himself as a son of God.

National Park Improvements

A PARTICULARLY fitting tribute to the man who inspired thousands of his countrymen with a love for outdoor life in forest and on mountains would be the re-naming of Sequoia National Park in California, making it henceforth Roosevelt National Park. No more splendid monument to a sturdy American could be devised than these typically American giants, the redwoods he so much admired. A little community in the Santa Clara Valley proudly cherishes the young redwood which Mr. Roosevelt selected and planted for their village high school, while he was making a tree-planting trip to various colleges.

The report of the director of the National Park Service urges the facilitation of travel to our parks, most of which are far from closely populated districts; the freer use of railways for pleasure travel; and the improvement of the roads for motor vehicles, all of which has been hindered by the war. It is a regrettable circumstance that motor cycles have at last been allowed to enter the parks. The safety of the travelling public and the delight of those who have journeyed far to enjoy the rare beauties of nature should surely not be menaced by these deafening devil-wheels.

Not only has tourist traffic naturally lagged during the war, but new dangers have assailed the parks—one of them a wolf in sheep's clothing. Sheep owners in western States have always desired to secure grazing privileges for their herds in the parks. When the call for an augmented food supply came, California sheep men sent a delegation to Washington to urge the granting of permits for grazing sheep in the Yosemite; Oregon wool growers sought a permit to graze 7,000 head of sheep in Crater Lake Park; in Montana the growers asked land concessions in the "flower-carpeted" valleys of Glacier Park. When, following on such proposals, came the suggestion that elk and buffalo herds of the Yellowstone be killed for meat; that organized hunting parties be permitted to enter the parks; that the needs of wild animals be disregarded and domestic stock be given their range; when movements were initiated in various sections of the country to suspend game laws for the alleged purpose of increasing the food supply—but really for the purpose, as the report says, "of enriching an ambitious profiteering class"—then definitely, once and for all, the Food Administration resolved that the flower and animal life of the parks must be kept safe through every emergency.

To European visitors it seems strange, considering the number of our national parks, that the Grand Canyon is not included among them. It surely cannot be long before its status is thus modified. Other improvements wisely urged by Secretary Lane are the inclusion of the Teton Mountains in the Yellowstone, and the addition of adjacent Sierra peaks to the proposed Roosevelt memorial. One recent discovery in the parks is distinctly sensational. This is the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, at Katmai, where thousands of jets of steam rising five hundred feet—and some of them a thousand feet—blend in one enormous cloud. The exploring party cooked their meals over the nearest vent, after the manner of the Japanese distillers in volcanic regions. "Their steam-heated tent was much too warm for comfort; a thermometer thrust six inches into the dirt floor promptly rose to the boiling point." The discoverers of such a winter resort—even in Alaska—should have received honorable mention from the Fuel Administration.

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The Academic Unrest

By JOSEPH JASTROW

IT is a common experience that the living opinion on a vital subject sifts through the informal channels of club-room talk and the confidential atmosphere of nicotine. The public speaker hems and haws and remembers the gallery; the printed page is poised and guarded. A letter minus a signature is as secure as an editorial and more intimate. In collecting news as to the responsibility of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, Professor Cattell, editor of *School and Society*, has released the inhibitions of a goodly number of anonymous professors, who in expressing their opinion of the management of the Foundation incidentally reveal another segment even more significant. One of the guild writes:

> It has always been a mystery to me that every single teacher in private conversation sympathizes with your point of view, while very few of them dare openly react against the continued humiliation inflicted upon our profession. . . . Carnegie plus our academic system of administration has broken our back-bones.

The confession of invertebracy is thus echoed: "I am beginning to think that any salary, any pension, is good enough for men who will put up with the treatment professors do put up with in the matter of both salaries and discipline."

An equally despondent but more constructive professor offers three planks of a platform:

> To protect the old age of those hopelessly ensnared in the toils; to encourage younger persons of promise in the profession to get out of it; to keep all others out of it until teaching and financial self-respect shall cease to be incompatible.

These scraps of epistolary paper are more than trifles showing which way the wind blows; they are fluttering evidence of a deep-seated agitation so constantly suppressed as to give the appearance of academic calm.

The failings and failures of the Carnegie Foundation make another and a longish story. In professing the "Advancement of Teaching" it had no thought of serving as a Freudian *accoucheur* to bring to life the suppressed voice of academic self-assertion. To make the matter intelligible let it be said that the Foundation began its career with an admirable programme and ten million dollars. It was to provide substantial retiring allowances for a limited number of high-grade and worthy institutions and through this and allied service make its impression upon educational policy and the career of the teacher. Its leadership was to be as invigorating as its financial aid. It generously permitted the professor to decide whether he should retire on an age or a service basis. Heedless of protests and the disproportion between its plans and its funds, it cut off one and another, and yet another of its provisions, giving as its reason some freshly discovered inadequacy of the professor, or some new social philosophy to justify the repudiation. At length it was saved from complete bankruptcy by the insistence of the professors and the aid of the Carnegie Corporation. To meet its accrued obligations will in twenty years, or more or less, exhaust its increased capital and interest, amounting now to more than twenty-five million dollars. Instead of frankly acknowledging the situation, Mr. Pritchett, President of the Foundation, has chosen the devious path of diplomatic evasion. When recently the Foundation proposed to substitute for the several substitutes of the original fine intentions a scheme of insurance by which the Foundation offered to collect from impecunious professors a fund for mitigating the extreme impecuniosity of the long-lived survivors of the profession whose character it has been subtly abusing, the scheme somehow failed to be enthusiastically received. In replying to Professor Cattell's inquiries, 561 disillusioned professors prefer a plan in which they themselves shall have a voice; an unlucky 13 are content with the gift-horse; 94 are neutral.

Their comments indicate that plain speaking is not a lost art in the academy. "No use putting good money after bad." "Incomplete data, bad logic, and inexpert specialists." "It is absurd that a Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching should put a premium on the exploitation of teachers by selfish executives." Its conduct "has been an insult to the intelligence and an affront to the integrity of the teaching profession." The Foundation should be ignored "because its only apparent *raison d'être* is to exercise an external non-academic control over the souls of American university teachers. There is much more of the same sort, expressed in even more forcible language. In the intensity of their feeling many of the professors go far beyond the ideas quoted above, and some of them do not hesitate to charge the Trustees with selfish culpability for the present plight of the Foundation and the men dependent on its bounty. No one reading the replies can fail to be struck by the profound distrust and bitter resentment that have been aroused among members of the academic profession by the unfortunate course of the Foundation in its dealings with them. It is indeed a sorry story.

When we read the names of the Trustees and the positions of trust which they hold, we know that they are neither dishonest nor incompetent. The failure of these president Trustees is more intelligible. Their guilt lay in following complacently the president of the Foundation through the series of specious excuses, the providentially discovered philosophies, that made a virtue of the lack of foresight and of funds, the lamentable vacillation and shifting of blame, the Prussian-like superiority associated with the belief that authority makes right.

The interest of the moment is not in the detailed steps by which "the Carnegie Flounderation" sacrificed the confidence of the profession which it was to advance, but in the fact that its history "is one of the many symptoms of the disease affecting our colleges, namely presidentitis." The pertinent lesson is this: "It is just as necessary for human freedom to shatter the educational autocracies as it is to blow up those of a political sort." It is the complaint of "the slight freedom and limited influence" that goes with "the present unfortunate conditions both intellectually and financially," and the importance of removing "any tendency of thought or policy control" by outside influences, that reflect the spirit of unrest. Samples of syncopated comments under the sting of specific irritation may give the academic protest a petulent tone. Those who know its temper will agree that it is responsible, good-natured, patient to a fault, and diffident to a vice. The academic

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Bolshevik is unknown (or silent) in faculty meetings. In those inconsequential Utopian assemblies the lions and the lambs are separated by invisible barriers, and the cubs are well broken before admission. The scrappy contentions over the remnants of the feast that are brought to the fold are tolerated by the lords of the estate, conscious that a well-directed movement of the paw of authority will restore order. To break up the meeting and the metaphor, let it be admitted that the impossible process of transformation of lambs into lions is none the less going on.

The academic unrest is widespread and serious; it should be more widespread and taken more seriously. The University professor is inevitably institutionalized; he cannot exercise his calling except as a member of the University. He is teacher and investigator and intellectual leader. To be an adequate torch-bearer holding the lamp of learning and handing it on to others—he must be more than a burden-bearing figure; he must keep the home-fires of knowledge burning, and somewhere find inspiration for the task. It would be a most wasteful economic policy not to use to the full the trained capacity that he needs for his major service. The fact that he is an employee is the least significant part of his versatility. It is the one thing that he must not feel himself to be, if he is to be truly serviceable. Long tenure and the guarantee of academic freedom have been instituted for his protection from employeeship. Even when adequately assured—which is far from being the case in American universities—these are not adequate to a sense of self-direction and professional responsibility. Germany assured them; at what price let the dismal roll of ninety-three signatures to an infamous document testify. That type of political prostitution of the *intelligentsia* we need not fear. But the pressure is of the same order: promotion and preferment through extraneous authority.

The suspicion of learning varies with the temper of age and country; when the professor is respected and suspected, his status is more satisfactory than when, as in our country, he is neglected and directed. When Lord Palmerston called Prussia a country of damned professors, says Mr. Chesterton, "I fear he used the word 'damned' more or less flippantly. I use it reverently." It is more becoming for one of the profession to cite it apologetically, even enviously, for it indicates that at home and abroad the European professor is taken seriously if appositely. The absence of unrest under the Prussian yoke is the fatal charge against the German professor; the presence of the yoke is the supreme guilt. The war has many lessons for many lands. Self-determination for those capable of exercising the privilege is the most universal.

The American professor is neither cowed, nor oppressed, nor conspicuously unhappy; he is merely so ungrateful by nature that these negative boons fail to inspire him to do the best that he still insists is in him. He is so perverse as to believe that when he himself decides what he can best do, he can do it better than when someone else decides it for him. He is doubtless inconsiderately sensitive. But nature, disregarding executive convenience, has ordained that quality must be paid for; that discoveries cannot be made, and insight gained, and books written, and personalities matured in the simple, orderly fashion that ditches are ordered to be dug. The professor adds to his collection of prejudices the belief that spending his life in the cause of education does not disqualify him for a part in shaping the conditions under which the fruits of learning shall bear richest harvest. When he finds that administrative functions—which are and must be wholly secondary to intellectual aims and must never become conspicuous or obstructive—carry all the honors and emoluments and seats on the platform, he may be philosophically resigned to the inconsequence of glitter and precedence, while yet he feels the false emphasis and the jarring note. When he finds that subtle influences blunt the edge of his efforts and chill his spirit, he may succumb to unrest and depression. Or he may succumb to temptation and seek or accept a minor executive part and join the forces that lured him to abandon his ideals. There is nothing harsh or violent in the process; a gloved hand may be as disquieting as a mailed fist, a bâton as much out of place as a big stick. The example of an alien rule has unwisely alienated the president and the "administration" from the Faculty; it is their spirit rather than that of academic policy and ideals that prevails. Initiative ceases to be an asset, acquiescence replaces independence as the professor tires of running an obstacle race. It is as true of a profession and of an individual as of a nation, that it cannot live half slave and half free. The professor, despite his versatility, cannot serve two masters.

Because the officials of the university do not derive their just powers from the free consent of the governed, democracy is more easily taught than practiced in college halls. The pall of constant and incongruous accountability need not, and under favorable circumstances does not, hang heavily; but the sense of its presence spreads gloom instead of cheer; it sets the academic movement in a minor key. The quality of the professorial performance demands a congenial atmosphere; he does not find it in the prevailing temper of the administrative régime. The conditions surrounding the American professor are enough of a handicap to defeat his finer efforts and commit him to a second-rate career; they are irritating enough to induce him in a fit of anonymous indignation to express his unrest.

The government of American universities is a haphazard growth. The fact that under it institutions can survive and prosper is taken as a proof of its value, when it really proves the hardihood of the tree of knowledge and the helplessness or blindness or sacrificial ardor of its devotees. What reason there is for expecting a dozen or more men, drawn one each from a Congressional district, to find themselves possessed of the ability to control the destinies of an institution of learning, passes understanding, unless it be that democracy means that anybody (except those specially informed) is as good as anybody else. Surely if the democratic principle applies anywhere, it applies where the qualifications are highest; we hesitate to give it scope where education has not performed its qualifying task. The fact that American universities are governed as we might expect the conservative European ones to be, while the latter in fact enjoy the self-determination which we lack and as yet plead for to deaf ears, is a frequently commented upon anomaly. And the steps by which the university president has become a superman among his equals are equally undesigned, equally remote from the course of democracy. It is not the trustee or the president who is directly and personally responsible for academic unrest; it is the manner in which the functions of these and allied positions have been permitted to develop. Doubtless the system has its merits; we are prone to count the advantages but ignore the cost. Does it pay to blight a hundred professors to produce even a superb president? Autocracy is efficient;

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in war-time we are willing to pay its price; in the pursuits of peace we are not. The only way to prevent militarism is to do away with large armies; the only way to avoid the evils of large authority is not to create it. The universities face a problem of reconstruction; they have helped to make possible and are entitled to share in the new order.

When President Wilson sailed away with a fair number of Palmerstonian professors on his peace-ship, when he might have had as his companions distinguished Senators and Congressmen and captains of industry, the politically minded were aghast. To find the impractical men of knowledge on the Ford peace-ship was natural; but here is a monumental task to be done. Having been found of service outside of the university in so many phases of war activities, it may be that professors will even come to be esteemed at home and accorded some control over the affairs they know best. Many, having tasted freedom and responsibility, will not return to the fold. They may have discovered the sources of their unrest. But the difficult situation remains that it is only by divesting themselves of authority that trustees and presidents and deans can serve the cause of learning. It is they who must be convinced that the universities may be made safe for democracy. May the upheaval of the nations bring this conviction as one of the minor consummations of the inevitable overthrow of might as right!

Fighting for Democracy

By A DRAFTED MAN

AFTER many months of waiting, and various unsuccessful attempts during the past year to enter one or the other of the services, the order to report for military duty has at last come. I am ready. My leave-takings are done; my civil life, my profession, my ambitions, my dreams, tomorrow morning will come to an abrupt end.

There were scores of us gathered at the headquarters of the local board this morning. Accompanying most were relatives and friends, with tears and choking babble of many tongues saying good-by. The eyes of most were sleepless. The heat and the nervous tension, the genuine emotion of the last days, had given to many of the faces lines of sadness, but also an element of dignity and individuality which one does not usually see in an indiscriminate city crowd. The formalities were few, and now we are soldiers in the military service of the United States.

We are conscripts. There is no question about that in my mind. During all the long hours of the railway journey to camp, I did not hear a single one of my companions express the least enthusiasm over being a soldier. We are not here voluntarily, even though the order of induction declares, "Greetings: Having submitted yourself to a local board composed of your neighbors. . ." Each of us knows that if we had not "submitted" ourselves, the whole force of a powerful state would have been put in operation to enforce submission. Why this unnecessary hypocrisy?

It was toward midnight when we arrived at camp. After ploughing through two miles of dust we were checked up and stuffed into a dark tent, and left to shift for ourselves. To-day it has been labor since seven in the morning, clearing an area for more poor devils who are coming in. I am quite recovered from my first inoculation; hardly as tired as I expected, but burned by the sun and dirty. A desert has hardly less water. We hoard it.

There have been rather violent verbal outbreaks between the Northerners and Southerners. There seems very strong sectional feeling. One lad even went so far as to predict a "race riot." I can hardly understand the speech of the Southerners. They are mostly mountaineers from the backwoods.

There are a number of teamsters and truck-drivers in our quota; also clerks and several college men. I prefer the former to the latter. Mentalities that have not progressed beyond bridles are better than those that have not progressed beyond Matthew Arnold. A teamster who has learned to handle horses and huge trucks perfectly is more complete than the man who sentimentalizes about "sweetness and light." One of our teamsters will do something "heroic." He would have done that in civil life. He is of the stuff that leaps from a wharf to rescue a drowning child.

The men have only a vague idea of what the war is about. They blame "the Kaiser." They must have something concrete and visual. They want him to drop dead, and believe the war would abruptly end if he did. As a rule they laugh at the patriotic speeches in the Y. M. C. A. "Get that guy; *you* do this and *we* will win. Where does he ring in on it?" You certainly do not hear or see any patriotism here as you know it in civil life. We are fighting for liberty, they tell us, but liberty is the thing furthest away from the lives of any or us—officers as well as men. We are, except within limits, merely that grotesque abstract thing—man-power.

Army life is just what I expected it to be, neither better nor worse, and I am bored. On the whole the adjustment among the boys is rapid. On the other hand, three were found dangling from ropes in the woods. The majority are disgruntled, and everlastingly grumble and whine. They did that in civilian life for the most part. "Sullen, mean, they covet what they vaguely see." Most of them shirk wherever they can. Their interest now is in physical rejection.

I came back from my physical tests labelled like any other commodity, "Accepted, definitely." Strange how nervously talkative they all were when they came back accepted. Their last ray of hope was gone, and there wasn't one that had not hoped something was wrong.

It is a dull picture in the tent now. All the sides are down, the flap is closed, and on each of the eight cots a grimy half-sick man is lying. Flies are crawling over the face of the teamster who drove a street-sweeping cart. The rain blows against the tent in gusts. The canvas is brown, and the little light there is seems artificial. Now and then the figures stir and then a few words are spoken. Here is a bit of dialogue: "Wonder where we'll be two years from now."

"France."

"Oh hell no, we'll be back by then."

"I don't give a damn if I get out of this hole."

"Well, I never expected to get to Virginia. I was born at No. 2 Blank Street; the family moved to 60 Blank Street;

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I got married and moved across to 35 Blank Street—the first one in our family to break away."

The heat is frightful—112 degrees in the shade and no shade. The men are dropping right and left. The heat drops some and the inoculation the rest. One is supposed to get twenty-four hours off after an inoculation. If you let them, they will work you.

There are times when my disgust with the human race grows to an almost overwhelming degree. The physiological candor of the men is amazing. I see, with a brutal directness, the beast in man. Some of the performances, not to mention the obscenity and vulgarity of the language, are literally appalling to any one who claims even the slightest acquaintance with the amenities of civilized life. I am not squeamish. I have seen many angles of life. I know the slums of the city and the slums of the country. I have heard the stories that schoolboys tell with a snicker, as well as those that suburbanites tell with a leer over their highballs in their country clubs. We get all of them here in concentrated form, and worse. Booze, bitches, bowels, and bastardy are the most popular words.

When I look into the faces of many of the people here, I am absolutely baffled. The majority have a long way to go before they reach the status of men. You scrutinize them and try to look behind with what understanding and imagination you can and you find nothing but the animal. Sometimes an ironic wish takes possession of me. There is an old man I know who writes ponderous editorials for one of the newspapers on the glory of democracy and the magnificence of service. He is a very dignified old man whose contact with life oscillates by way of a limousine between his apartments, well-appointed offices, and a very genteel club where he converses with men like himself. I should like him with us for a couple of days.

To-day is a very clear and lovely autumn day. The afterglow of the seasons is like the afterglow of a day when the light is mellow. My present lieutenant's appreciation of it is contained in the comment: "What fine football weather." The remark shows the persistent school-boy, college-boy attitude of so many here. The war is still a "lark," a football game.

That the army and active service will make the things that seemed so important to some of us in civil life seem utterly unimportant is a bland assumption on the part of those who do not know. It is true we were met by the phrase "you'll like it," which seems to be a popular catchword in camp. I was never habituated to a life of elaborate social ceremony; I have shifted for myself among all sorts of conditions and men, but I have always had at least a room where I could shut myself away from people. And God, what a haven the poorest room I ever had would be from the ceaseless gregariousness of the life here.

Music, art, books, instead of fading out of the mind, have taken an exaggerated importance as things that make for the fineness and beauty of life. Last night I had leave and made a solitary expedition to ———. Through the windows of stately colonial homes I could catch glimpses of elegance of living that made me feel very much the soldier in the ranks. Hearing the sound of a piano that was not playing ragtime I followed it. It came from a house half hidden by a huge tree. I stopped and listened. By degrees and quite unconsciously I drew near to the fence and around to the window where I could see. A rather attractive girl was playing, apparently alone. Her hands and the keys were reflected in the polish on the piano. It was doubtless the music that all girls of the sort play. I could not identify it, except that there was one thing of Grieg's. To me it came from very far away. It was a simple scene, but it touched me tremendously. It was the first happy experience I have had inside since I came here; the rest has been drab, but nevertheless just as much experience and as consuming.

Someone has sent me some cuttings from the New York *Tribune*, and also some copies of a journal called the *War Weekly*. When I read things like these I have a feeling almost of physical nausea. The mud and the dirt and the thousand discomforts which we have to undergo are clean in comparison with the spirit shown by writers like these. They are not the utterances of men. They remind me of nothing so much as the shrilling of hysterical fishwives. To spit venom and hate from the security of an editorial office is an easy and a safe thing to do. Words can't hurt the enemy, and words are cheap—cheap, that's just it. The decent, chivalrous soldier—and there are many such—who has staked his life can feel nothing but disgust when he meets with things like these.

I have been transferred to another battalion. I got my orders to-night, packed my sack and put it on my back, my mattress and blankets on my shoulders, and now I am sitting here homeless waiting for the next thing to be done. This battalion is made up of Negroes; of course the officers and the clerical force is composed wholly of white men and is in a separate section.

The Negroes are amusing. Just now one of them stood before the Captain and blandly took off his shoes because his feet hurt him. They have the oddest of names—Motion, Puny, Raspberry Sample are some that occur to me. Some of them have to be given last names. They are much more interesting than the low whites. All around there is a murmur of voices and that strange monotonous croon of the southern Negro. There is a banjo somewhere in the distance. It must resemble plantation scenes, and the slavery is not absent. They handle the darkies pretty roughly.

The tragedy of race! A certain number of the men that come in with Negro troops are so light in color and have such Caucasian features, that if they were looked at just as individuals in a crowd no one would take them for Negroes. There was one boy in particular with finely cut features, an almost pallid face, and strange, hunted, deep-set eyes. It would have been cruel to leave him among the blacks, so the Captain called him out from among the rest.

"I want to talk very directly to you," he said. "Was it your father or your mother?"

The boy did not know.

"You don't know who your parents are?"

"No sir."

"Do you know anyone to whom we could refer for an affidavit?"

"Yes, but. . ." He halted. His expression was one in which there was more humility than humiliation.

"Proud?" asked the officer.

He shook his head affirmatively.

"Well, we'll fix you up anyway," and the boy was assigned to a white regiment. As he turned away he saluted feebly and hurried off. He tried to say, "Thank you," but could not quite bring it out. I have seen him several times since, but he always turns his face away. The reason is not far to seek. I understand it and respect it; also the Captain's

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attitude was splendid—just what it should have been.

The new men are coming in. Four hundred to-night—well, those have been disposed of, but five hundred more are only ten miles away. The men are dead tired, having come from the Middle West and it is hard to order the poor devils about. They hardly hear you.

Two thousand more are coming to-night. Things are moving rapidly here now, and there is no doubt that one has a sense of industry. But it is like a locomotive that puffs loudly, and the wheels whirl on the tracks without moving the train. I was thinking last night when I was present at officers' call that the reason most men are satisfied in the army is precisely the same that brings them to resignation in any pursuit. There is no object in view for them, and they merely go on as in civil life. There is just enough of the school idea in it to fit the perpetual pupil mind, and the innate pedantry of man.

Whites and blacks have passed by in numbers one step nearer to the battlefields in France. I know what is in the heart of every one of them. I know the meaning of their nervous talkativeness, their sombreness, their put-on noisiness; the timidity of spirit which no artificial boldness of voice or gesture can conceal. Most evident of all was the absolute lack of spontaneity, the deep feeling of depression.

What the men are being torn away from means little; they have no emotions. Those they had when they first came have been drilled out of them in this brief space of time. They had no enthusiasm in their enterprise; there was nothing they looked forward to with any expectancy. In short, they left nothing and they are going nowhere. The gesture of futility and helplessness that those lines four abreast make as they go by is painful. It leaves one utterly dull—with the impression of herds driven into a stockyard.

At night the trees become vague and mystical; the darkness softens them. They seem proud in knowing that they stand awake and mighty, while the insects called men, that hurry at their feet all day long, are lost in stupor to regain their energy. Yet they too seem to feel the depression of massed sleep—the bestiality of sleep when men's eyes are closed tightly and they breathe noisily through their mouths. . . . The bestiality of sleep! It makes one shudder. The men move about uncomfortably on their cots. Two men have nightmares and shriek—the others wake and curse and in a minute are asleep again. Now and then one of them gets up and stumbles out. . . . The trees stand above it all and rustle mysteriously. They are my silent companions—like the towers in the city.

Last night I was up nearly all night. The banquet for the departing contingent came at midnight. The scene was picturesque. It was cool, and little fires had been built along the street. The spontaneity of the blacks was so noisy that it was useless to try to sleep, so I got up and helped to handle them. As I listened to groups talking in their superstitious manner it was like the rising sound of a *danse macabre* that threatened to burst forth into a diabolical dance of destruction—but only went as far as the lure of the prelude, without the crash of the climax.

Already the news from the front stirs the imperial instinct of the officers. To-day's news of St. Mihiel brought the exclamation: "By God, we won't stop till we've cleaned up Germany, and then we'll take on Mexico as a chaser."

The order has been issued clearing out everybody from camp. I have passed my overseas examination. The machine of which I am a part grinds on.

Canada and the Siberian Expedition

By GORDON GREY

CANADA'S participation in military expeditions into Russia is meeting with criticism in every province of the Dominion. Various labor organizations are passing resolutions calling on the Government to withdraw all Canadian troops now in Russia and to demobilize all forces that the Dominion is preparing to send to that country. Opposition comes also from farm leagues, farm publications, and influential daily newspapers. These newspapers publish pathetic letters from mothers and fathers of boys in units serving in Russia.

The labor unions in Canada expressing their opposition to Canada's entrance into the struggle against the Bolsheviki are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Canada's four largest central labor councils, central labor bodies in other cities, numerous local unions, the only provincial federation of labor to meet during the last two months, and several district conventions of craft unions, all of them affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, are among the protestants.

Vancouver Trades and Labor Council, the largest central labor body on Canada's Pacific slope, was the first central labor council to pass these resolutions. Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council, the central labor council of the most populous and best organized city of the prairie provinces; and the Montreal and Toronto central bodies, the two most important trades and labor councils in eastern Canada, adopted similar resolutions. Western Canada lodges of the International Association of Machinists, at a convention in Winnipeg, passed resolutions "demanding that the allied troops in Russia be withdrawn." Division No. 4 of the Railway Employees of Canada, long considered one of the most conservative labor organizations, held a convention in Winnipeg and adopted resolutions calling for the "withdrawal of all Allied troops from Russia so that that country may work out its own political freedom without capitalistic intervention." The Alberta Federation of Labor, meeting in Medicine Hat, endorsed the Vancouver resolutions, only one dissenting vote being recorded. In Victoria, British Columbia, seven hundred conscripted Canadian soldiers, in their uniforms, attended a mass meeting held under the auspices of the Federated Labor Party. They applauded J. H. Hawthornthwaite, the uncompromising Labor party member of the British Columbia legislature, well known as a Socialist lecturer, when he declared: "The Bolsheviki are the hope of the world and I mean by Bolsheviki not only the proletariat or working class of Russia but of the whole world." These soldiers set sail for Russia a few days later.

The British Columbia Federation of Labor and the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council executives held a joint meeting and cabled a copy of the following resolution to Arthur Henderson, until recently chairman of the British Labor Party: "Labor in this province is opposed to the intervention of the Allies in Russia. Considers working class in any country should be left unhampered in its efforts to establish industrial democracy. We are opposed to any form of compulsory military service. Desire our position be understood by delegates to International Labor Conference. Reply." The British Columbia labor movement also demanded

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that Canada's three delegates to the International Socialist-Labor Congress back up Canadian labor's protest against intervention in Russia.

While labor organizations, economic as well as political, might be expected to uphold Bolshevism as a sister movement, the tillers of the soil naturally had other reasons for the withdrawal of Canada's soldiers from Russian soil. They never forgave the Borden Government for passing a conscription law following the general elections in December, 1917. Of course, some of them objected to a struggle with Russian peasants but their desire to see their own sons back on the farms had something to do with their protest. They made their wishes known through the county council.

When Wentworth county council protested against Canadian interference in Russia it was, in reality, a farmers' protest. The respresentatives of this prosperous Ontario county passed these resolutions and instructed the clerk to send a copy to Sir Thomas White, acting premier of Canada while Sir Robert Borden is at the peace conference: "That this council wishes to express its disapproval of any further drafts of Canadian soldiers being sent to Russia and also states that in its opinion the drafts already sent should be immediately recalled, believing as it does that it is a very unwise policy now that the war is won that Canada should interfere in the internal affairs of any other country."

That these county councillors reflected the opinion held by Ontario's farmers is evident if one can believe Peter McArthur, well known as a writer on farm topics, who declared that farmers wanted Canada to keep out of the Russian trouble. In his weekly article in the farm section of the Toronto *Globe*, a newspaper which supports the Borden Government, Mr. McArthur said: "A matter that is in need of light at the present time is the Canadian expedition to Siberia. Boys from this district volunteered for that work, and now people are beginning to wonder what it is all about and why we should go on with it. There is no longer any plan to attack Germany on the eastern front. As a matter of fact, the expedition to Siberia can have no possible connection with the war with Germany, since it is now over—or in such condition that it cannot be resumed. The expedition must now be concerned only with the work of restoring law and order in that vast welter of humanity called Russia. Surely Canada has not become so great a world power that she must undertake to police other nations —'the lesser breeds without the law.'"

The *Globe* itself questioned the wisdom of Canada's entrance into Russian affairs and one of several editorials on Russia that appeared in this influential daily newspaper declared: "The Canadian people are entitled at least to an explanation of the objects which are said to require the presence of Canadian troops in Siberia. The dispatches from there report a series of squabbles between classes of Russians whom the Allies are supposed to be backing against the Bolsheviki in the name of order and stable administration. . . . Are these factions worth fighting for? Are the Allies under any obligation to prevent them from flying at each other's throats?" The *Globe* had the support of other daily newspapers quite as emphatic in their opposition to the Bolsheviki and no less faithful in their support of the Borden Unionist party. Two of these newspapers are printed in Hamilton, the city which the Hon. S. C. Mewburn, Canada's Minister of Militia and commander-in-chief of her military forces, represents in Parliament. Although both of them supported General Mewburn in the last elections the *Herald* declared that "what is going on in Russia is in the nature of a civil war and outsiders really have no right to interfere," while the *Spectator* said that "in view of the increasing complexity of the situation the Canadian expedition to Russia becomes more and more unsatisfactory."

The Toronto *Weekly Sun*, which has the largest circulation of any farm weekly in eastern Canada and which is opposed to conscription and the Borden Government, in availing itself of an opportunity to expose what it considered a plan to bring about closer affiliation of the various commonwealths within the British Empire, declared: "Canada sends one military force to Siberia via Vladivostok, and another to the Valley of the Dwina, via Archangel, to wage war against the armies of the Russian Government and people. Canadian soldiers occupy Russian territory. Canada is, in fact, at war with Russia, without knowing the causes of the war or the objects to be attained."

Commenting on an explanation of the aim of the expedition offered by General Mewburn, the Hamilton *Herald* remarked: "We trust there was a better reason for dispatching a Canadian expeditionary force to Siberia than that the British Government requested that one be sent." And referring to the General's suggestion that Canada might gain trade by sending armed men into Russia, the *Herald* made this unmistakable declaration: "The Minister of Militia uses the familiar formula, 'Trade follows the flag,' his meaning being that Canada will reap commercial advantages from the military seed which she is sowing in Russia. Is that the motive, then, for sending our boys to Russia to fight the Bolsheviki—the extension of Canadian trade? It will be expedient for the Government to think of some better reason than that."

A Hindu Under-Secretary for India

By LAJPAT RAI

THE appointment of a Hindu as a Parliamentary Under-Secretary for India is an event of sufficient importance to justify the hope that a radical change is coming over the spirit of British imperialism, and that adequate constitutional changes may soon be introduced to give it a legal aspect, and an enduring one. The appointment of Sir S. P. Sinha (not S. H. Sinha, as repeatedly stated in the daily press) would be devoid of any significance if it were a mere personal compliment, or a mere sop to Indian Nationalism. The fact, however, that Mr. Edwin Samuel Montagu is the only Cabinet Minister who retains his old post in the re-shuffling consequent upon the British elections, gives us reason to think that Premier Lloyd George is at least in general accord with Mr. Montagu's sentiments about the future constitution of India, and that by appointing Sir S. P. Sinha as Under-Secretary he wants to strengthen Mr. Montagu's hands.

Premier Lloyd George is reported to have said that the word "Empire" would henceforth disappear from the designation of the group of nations that in their collective capacity have thus far been called by that name. If that is true, British Imperialism must disappear, not only in name, but also in spirit. There must henceforth be a true sisterhood of free nations, call it commonwealth or league, whatever you will. If that should happen no one would be more

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delighted than the Indian Nationalists, because in spite of our strong dislike of the political and economical effects of British Imperialism in India, we believe that, on the whole, the British democracy is perhaps the finest in the political world of to-day. India will forget all the wrongs consciously or unconsciously inflicted on her in the past, if her future status as a self-governing member of the British Commonwealth is conceded to her in practice and secured to her by law. If the appointment of Sir S. P. Sinha is an indication of that change of spirit, we welcome it most heartily and congratulate the Premier on that step.

Sir Satyendra Prasanna Sinha has all along been the favored son of fortune. Born (in 1863) of a middle-class family, he received a good education, first in India and then in England, won several prizes and scholarships at Lincoln's Inn, and was finally called to the bar in 1886. In 1903 he was appointed Standing Counsel to the Government of India, and in 1907 Advocate-General of Bengal. He was the first Indian to be appointed to that post, which is somewhat similar to that of Attorney-General in England, except that the Advocate-General of Bengal is not a member of the Government of India. For about a quarter of a century Mr. Sinha occupied a prominent position at the Calcutta bar, having a very extensive and lucrative practice. In 1909 he was appointed the first Indian member of the Viceroy's Executive Council. In accepting that office he was reported to have sacrificed a practice which yielded to him an annual income of about $200,000.

His position as the only Indian member of the Governor General's Executive Council did not, however, prove to be a bed of roses. The revolutionary movement was spreading fast, and though he was prepared to give his support to all reasonable measures of prevention and punishment, he was not willing to subscribe to a general policy of repression and suppression such as was favored by his colleagues. After a year of service he resigned his office and returned to his practice at the bar.

This step made such a fine impression on his educated countrymen that in December, 1915, he was asked to preside over the annual session of the Indian National Congress held at Bombay. The speech he delivered on that occasion, though not so strong as the bulk of Indian Nationalists would have liked, was on the whole dignified and constructive. Replying to the insinuation that England's withdrawal from India would bring about a condition of general anarchy and chaos in that country, Mr. Sinha said:

> England has ruled this country (India) for considerably over one hundred and fifty years now, and surely it can not be a matter of pride to her at the end of this period that the withdrawal of her rule would mean chaos and anarchy and would leave the country an easy prey to any foreign adventure. . . . I can conceive of no more scathing indictment of the results of British Rule. A superman might gloat over the spectacle of the conquest of might over justice and righteousness, but I am much mistaken if the British nation fighting now as ever for the cause of justice and freedom and liberty will consider it as other than discreditable to itself that after nearly two centuries of British rule India has been brought to-day to the same emasculated condition as that of the Britons in the beginning of the fifth century when the Roman legions left the English soil in order to defend their own country against the Huns, Goths, and other barbarian hordes.

Speaking of the poverty of India, he said: "Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to whether India is growing richer or poorer under British rule, there is none with regard to her extreme poverty. . . . Rich in all the resources of nature, India continues to be the poorest country in the civilized world."

Shortly after, to the surprise of everybody, Mr. Sinha again accepted office, as a member of the Executive Council of Bengal, a position inferior to the one which he had previously resigned. What moved him to take this action is not known, but since that time he has been closely connected with the Government, and has evidently played an important part in the development of the new policy which has found expression in the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme for the reorganization of the Government of India.

At the time of inaugurating his Indian Reform Scheme in 1909, Lord Morley laid down the policy of rallying the moderates among the Indian politicians. But he did little to put it into practice, perhaps because he was opposed by the vested interests of the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy. The war, however, brought a change. In 1917 it was decided to give representation to India in the Imperial Conference. Sir S. P. Sinha was one of the three representatives selected, the other two being His Highness the Maharaja of Bikaner, a ruling chief, and Sir James Meston, a Lieutenant Governor. In the Imperial Conference, Mr. Sinha's reasonable and moderate attitude, his high intelligence and dignified deportment won for him the estimation and respect of all his colleagues from the overseas Dominions. Later on, as one of India's representatives, he was allowed to participate in the deliberations of the Imperial War Cabinet.

In 1918 that honor was repeated. In the course of an interview granted at that time (September 13, 1918) to the *Overseas Press*, Mr. Sinha was reported as saying:

> It was not the constitution alone that was wanted for India, but contentment and prosperity. . . . India had not been prosperous for a long time past and was not prosperous now. It was true that the jute mills in Bengal were making huge profits but the peasantry were little if any better off. The ownership of the mills was exclusively British—he might also say, exclusively Scottish—and that was where the profits probably went. They certainly did not go to the ryots who had to pay war prices for food, salt, cloth, and other necessaries, but did not receive correspondingly increased payments to meet those higher charges. India had been the hewer of wood and the drawer of water for the rest of the Empire. She desired and demanded a place in the Empire worthy of her glorious past, of her present resources, and of the part she had been privileged to bear in this war. With a peaceful people, fertile soil, and unlimited reserve in men and material, there was no reason why India should not be as prosperous as any other part of the Empire. They looked to the rest of the Empire and particularly to England to find the remedy. . . . Literally millions in India were on the border of starvation. Half the population never had a full meal in the day, and means must be found to remedy this state of things. It was essentially necessary to take steps with regard to the constitution as a means of bringing about contentment and prosperity. What was wanted was democratic government, and there was no reason why it should not work equally as well in India as in any other country. The object of the war was that every people should have the same chance and right of self-development.

On the cessation of hostilities between the Entente and the Central Empires, in November last, Mr. Sinha was for the third time called to England to attend the meetings of the Imperial War Cabinet and to help in the settlement of peace questions. Now he has been appointed the first Indian Under-Secretary. This position is not one of Cabinet rank, and as Mr. Sinha is not a member of the House of Commons, a peerage has been conferred on him to enable him to sit and represent the India office in the House of Lords.

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Two Cable Letters

I. The Private and the Premier

(By Cable to the *Nation*, delayed in transmission)

London, January 4

LONDON has this week witnessed extraordinary scenes—British soldiers marching upon the Foreign Office and the Prime Minister's residence, demanding their immediate release from service. The Prime Minister came back in a hurry to deal with them. They were cheered on their way by crowds showing the heartiest sympathy with what the *Morning Post* discreetly terms indiscipline. The *Daily News* declares editorially that the British army is seething with unrest. Nothing like this has ever happened in the history of the British army; the soldiers have shown themselves victors in this engagement with the Government, which has acceded to their wishes for speedier demobilization. Officers have everywhere shown good judgment and wisdom but have had to yield to the spectacle of the private soldier calling upon the Brigadier General. Another committee has obtained an audience with Sir William Robertson, which has naturally astounded London, already none too happy about the Soldiers' Councils elsewhere. The problem presented is one to put George to his trumps, for it has grave inherent difficulties. Soldiers obviously cannot be allowed to demobilize themselves, but the task of getting rid of an army which it took four years to create cannot be performed overnight. If it were possible the labor market would be glutted and serious results would follow. But the prompt action of the Government in modifying the conditions of discharge shows how nervous it has become and how great is the danger; if an unwise officer should attempt violent measures shots might easily follow which would naturally have an unpleasant echo abroad. Even in the navy there is unrest, for mine sweepers refused to go out until their pay was raised ten dollars a week for the most dangerous duty.

While the Government is entitled to some sympathy in view of the magnitude of the problem, it is none the less also to be criticised, the public feels, for not having made greater preparation to meet such an emergency. What shall the Government do under the circumstances? London and the nearby camps are full of men tired of drill, homesick, eager to return to their families. It is pathetic to watch the groups of Australian troops hanging around the offices of their respective Governments, in the Strand, gazing on pictures of home scenes. Transportation difficulties make it unlikely that they can be returned for a long time. They are certain that the war is over and are not the least bit alarmed over the possible re-entry of Germany into the war. They have too much commonsense to be worried by assertions of imperialistic military critics to the effect that large forces are needed for the occupation of Germany torn by civil strife and offering the spectacle of constant fighting in the streets of Berlin. A Paris newspaper declares that peace will not be signed for a year. These happenings in London give notice to the rulers that the soldiers do not propose to be kept away from civil life by any necessity of doing garrison duty in Germany for a period of a year or longer.

There is no doubt whatever that rumors of large forces being sent to Russia have had much to do with the scramble to get out of the army. There is also the fear that the best available jobs will be taken by discharged munition workers. This has had much to do with the announcements in the press that there are not large forces in Russia—only twenty thousand there now and none being sent, and that the British fleet which has been shelling the Reval coast and bringing refugees out of Riga has definitely left those waters. All this shows the nervousness of the Government but even more it shows the stern necessity which has confronted Lloyd George and forced him to adopt and announce a definite policy as to Russia. The demonstrations of the soldiers, if continued, will compel the British Government to make peace with Germany, which will not necessitate a long occupation. This is all the more necessary because the old British Regular Army has practically disappeared during the war and the voluntary enlisted men of 1914 and 1915 feel that they should be let out before the conscripts. There are, therefore, no long-enlisted men to be thrown into Germany. Everyone who has seen these lorries full of soldiers mutinying in the friendliest and most pacifistic spirit, but still mutinying, and who remembers what troops have done elsewhere when war was ended, asks "what next?"

There is no real cause for alarm, for the men have no general grievance, only an individual one, and they are reasonable and open to influence if convinced that the Government is moving as fast as possible. But it plainly serves notice on the Peace Conference (the opening of which has been delayed another week) to get down to business as rapidly as possible. Now that Wilson has returned from his Italian trip it seems as if business could and should be transacted as rapidly as possible, for it is obvious that he must return to America not later than February 15. This leaves a scant five weeks to deal with the most vital problems the world ever faced. More and more evident does it every day become that if the evil of militarism is not promptly removed from the world, civilization will collapse through the spread of violent Bolshevism. It is also becoming apparent that not only militarism must go but also the preparations for militarism and war. The whole hateful business must be done away with. There are many here who believe that this week's happenings have put an end to the possibility of conscription coming in England and that George or his successor will not dare to urge it in Parliament no matter what may be the peace terms. These people are too sanguine. What is plain is that we have been witnessing direct action of the clearest kind by men in uniform acting in unison and cheerfully taking the risk of the severest punishment. This example is especially not desired, coming as it does on top of threats made by the extremists in the Labor party to resort to direct action in their despair of achieving reform through efforts at controlling and reforming Parliament.

The next ten days will show whether the action taken by the Government will suffice to quell the trouble, but no one can deny that the Government has received a rude jolt from the quarter least expected. It has given color to the feeling that George's new Government may collapse quickly, not because of any adverse vote in the House of Commons but because of outside dissatisfaction. Lloyd George's position is not enviable and he must show now whether or not he is a statesman. Whichever way he looks there are situations which might stagger him, situations brought about by his lack of fair, above-board, and prompt dealing, and by his lack of wise, clear-cut policy.

People are asking here whether it was necessary to render

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Germany revolutionary by the continuance of blockade; they applaud the action of the American Government in Washington and elsewhere stating that it wished the blockade lifted. No sensible man to-day can continue to believe that humanity can be made to improve and prosper by brute force and bloodshed. The whole world cries out for a new order to be created at Paris along the lines laid down by Wilson.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

II. Versailles and Princes' Islands

(By Cable to the *Nation*)

Paris, January 25

THERE is no Peace Conference—as yet. Wilson's speech at to-day's formal session was one of his most skilful achievements and constituted a real triumph. The only question now is how effective the league of nations will be, and whether the door will be opened to Germany. Even the committee on credentials has not met, though the Paris press has gravely assured us that its laborious task was holding back the next full session of the conference. Yet the week has been a wonderfully fruitful one because of the extraordinary action taken in regard to the Russian situation.

The American people, correspondents are assured by high authority, should realize that there is much confusion between actions taken by three bodies here—the Peace Conference which is not yet even organized fully, the Supreme Imperial War Council, and the heads of the various Governments here assembled. Probably most Americans think that the action in regard to Russia was taken by the Peace Conference or by one of its committees. Nothing of the kind. The conference proper had nothing to do with it. I should even be willing to wager that some of our peace commissioners knew nothing about it till they read of it in the papers.

The action in question was taken by the heads of the Allied Governments, and credit for it belongs squarely to Wilson. Of this every American may well be proud: An act so cheering, wise, and right-minded as to call for the highest praise to Wilson for originating and putting it through, and to the English and French for yielding their earlier positions. It is only fair to say that the English partly changed their policy a couple of weeks ago for reasons which I have twice vainly tried to convey to the readers of the *Nation*—but the censor has intervened. The English deserve the greatest credit, because it is only a few weeks since they were still denouncing Lenine and Trotzky as arch-fiends and swearing that they would never treat with them save as violators of every international and humanitarian obligation. It is easy also to recall the solemn denunciation of the Bolshevists given out by our State Department some time back. Nevertheless it is certainly the dawning of a new day in diplomacy when Governments are willing to come out in the open and admit that they were wrong and frankly to give up a position previously assumed. This still further enhances the favorable opinion of British policy and the British representatives that was already current. From two high sources in different departments I have just heard commendation of the British attitude in matters not directly concerned with making peace, and the same approval seems due in this Russian matter.

The President's manifesto is beyond all criticism as a statement of the correct attitude toward Russian internal affairs and conforms to his position that there should be no interference in the Russian people's business—from which attitude he departed when he landed troops in Archangel and Vladivostok. Ever since the peace mission got ready for work American unwillingness to take part in further invasion has been perfectly clear here. Some important American personages do not hesitate to say that they are convinced that American public opinion would never stand either for landing troops in Russia for a big war, or for financing and supplying food to the Allies to enable them to carry on such a war. But whatever motive induced Mr. Wilson to move, it was an action which has thrilled all lovers of democracy here and all champions of a new order. True, the French press is unhappy and so doubtless are the Tory organs in England, but the powerful Northcliffe press will surely support it. Had it been taken months ago millions of lives might have been saved. The remarkable thing is that the action was taken after two of the bitterest anti-Bolshevik diplomats had been heard, one of whom said it was no longer a matter of attacking Bolshevists but of defending Europe by force of arms from their attacks and their propaganda. Both counselled war. Interest now turns to Moscow. The men best informed about the Bolshevists are divided as to whether the latter will accept the offer and for the sake of internal peace abandon their war against Germany and Poland, and their determination to carry class war throughout the world, or whether they will put themselves in the wrong by refusing. The Russian camps here in Paris refusing to-day to participate are much upset by the positive announcement that the Allies will no longer finance or support any counter revolution. This leaves Kolchak, among others, beyond even the prayers of the American Defense Society.

There is no denying that it is a great moral victory for Lenine and Trotzky. This is irritating to some Americans here who represent the Lodge point of view. While it does not solve the problem, it at least brings it into the realm of common sense and kindly handling. At this stage, the situation parallels that of Mexico when the Niagara conference was called, and people here are careful to point out that even that gathering did not later prevent armed intervention in Mexico. We shall not be out of the woods until the trees are all behind us, but the end of the forest is certainly much nearer.

It is an extraordinary spectacle that we are now witnessing—the whole world being ruled from one capital by three men. If the delegates from minor countries do not like it they say nothing. Russia was to have been a concern of theirs. The question now is what else will be taken out of their hands by this volunteer self-appointed supreme council of an existing league of nations. The advantages involved, such as the possibility of quick and concerted action, are obvious, yet there are many who fear that this domination of the world by a handful of men will have a bad effect upon the effort to establish a world league. The danger that a few unscrupulous men might at some future time impose their will on the world is in reality another argument for disarmament; for when you strip nations of their weapons, the tremendous superiority of a country like ours over weaker nations largely disappears.

As regards the press, the unhappy situation still prevails. Cases of withholding and editing despatches have been laid before the commission, but without result as yet. The President could not get any correspondent here to testify that the promise as to publicity and full information, made to con-

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gress on December 2, has been carried out. On that occasion, it will be remembered, he said: "At my request the French and English Governments have absolutely removed the censorship of cable news which until within a fortnight they had maintained and there is now no censorship whatever exercised at this end except upon attempted trade communications with enemy countries." The correspondents can not learn, for instance, whether the Americans have a league plan or not. Some officials say they have seen a plan which was finished only last Sunday, the nineteenth, while others deliberately give the impression that there will be no plan offered on behalf of America, but that a composite of the Smuts, Cecil, and French plans will be worked out plus the American suggestions.

The lack of a labor man on the American delegation is keenly felt, since international labor problems are now coming up, and no proper spokesman for English or American labor is at hand to speak with authority. It is explained, however, that American experts are in hiding somewhere and may be produced in due season. To add to the difficulties of the correspondents, mail delays are maddening and several correspondents have been notified by their home offices that nothing has been received. One pleasant feature of the censorship is that the censor usually forgets to tell you what he has done with or to your message; but this week he notified the New York *Call* that an entire dispatch had been suppressed. We are all eager to see if this clear case will be made the basis of representations.

Wilson continues to deny himself to all pressmen. The grave problems before the conference are again illustrated by distressing news of massacres of Jews in Galicia by Polish soldiers. Now that the war to end war is over there seems to be no disposition to end the killing.

It is such news, as well as the deliberate attempts elsewhere to take additional territory by force, which has led to the emphatic warning here to-day that there must be prompt grounding of arms. This is another admirable step —but it is to be noted that it comes not from the Peace Conference but from the little inner group (President Wilson and the Premiers) who seem to have usurped the functions of the conference, meeting in that complete secrecy which Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau first desired for the conference itself. Secret covenants of peace secretly arrived at seem to be the rule with them, and one wonders whether the conference itself will ever have any other function than solemnly to ratify their action.

No peace conference is actually meeting here. Certainly no conference took the step concerning Russia which led Franklin Bouillon and André Chéradame, in the rooms of the French committee on foreign propaganda last Friday evening, to start a movement to undermine Wilson at home. Chéradame says nobody in the world approves Wilson's Russian plan.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Contributors to this Issue

JOSEPH JASTROW is professor of psychology in the University of Wisconsin.

GORDON GREY is a Canadian journalist, whose correspondence is published in various labor papers.

LAJPAT RAI is one of the most distinguished Hindu leaders of the movement for constitutional reform in India.

In the Driftway

THE motor stage rumbles round dizzy spiral curves up, up into the mountains. Dim valleys drop away below, not the rich valleys of the South where only orchards of Midas—peach, pear, prune and orange—may be allowed roothold, but these are wild canyons of delight. Athene's olive trees silver some lesser slopes and occasional rounded summits are Bacchus-crowned with vines, but most of these groves are Pan's. Strange springs, both hot and cold, bubble to the honor of the muses. One of these, neatly labelled "Fountain of Youth," naturally attracted the Drifter, but alas! it was frozen solid that morning. Youth in cold storage—the Drifter shivered and faced about contentedly towards old age.

* * * * *

STEVENSON sought these quickening waters and life-giving heights of Mount Saint Helena in the seventies. As he says, "Three counties march across its cliffy shoulders." Yesterday we passed his old haunt, the Silverado mine, now roused to activity after cataleptic years—perhaps sprinkled by these waters of youth. The country is little changed with the years. No undue prosperity has rounded pioneer angles. The stage, though propelled by puffing gasoline instead of steaming horses, makes its plodding journey, dawdling at each remote house for mail and gossip. It is no longer under armed guard, yet Stevenson's words are still true that it "has a faint warfaring aroma, like a man who should be brother to a soldier," for our driver still wears the uniform he wore when driving a tank in France. The dangers of these mountain passes must seem to him delightful play, yet his trained hand and eye are not relaxed. The Drifter sits back contentedly remembering by contrast the Oklahoma daredevil who drove the stage up Mt. Hamilton as if it were a bucking broncho.

* * * * *

TWO days of staging since we left the railroad at Calistoga—known to history as the place where Stevenson first spoke over a telephone (in present-day California it would have been a dictaphone). At the toll house on the summit the Drifter swept a backward glance over the valley he had left, with its crystal blue lake mirroring a snowy mountain, and forward into Jack London's province, the romantic Valley of the Moon. What was the spell of these wintry hills which one would not barter for the sunny ease of the South? An old man suddenly appeared from a crack in the hills, driving an old white horse. He handed his flapping mailbag to the driver, then turned to the Drifter with a friendly smile. "I seem to know your face—or do I just think so because you look neighborly?" He was whitehaired and wore a gay home-made waistcoat of tawny chipmunk skins, but though his friendliness was of the mountains, his accent was of the city. "Yes," he went on, "it's the greatest country in the world for health and happiness—not for money, you understand, but who needs it here? I lived in San Francisco forty years—wholesale leather business. My wife and I came up here for two months—and we've been here fourteen years; built a cabin two miles over the mountain here where we can see all the world, and live there by ourselves—the happiest folks you ever saw!" To him and to his wife, at all events, the Fountain of Youth had not been sealed.

THE DRIFTER

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After War

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

The king has a stronger crown,
  The lines of the lands are new,
New walls are piled where the old went down
And other flags over wall and town
  Blow where the old flags blew—
(Little son—little son!
  Your broken toys and your broken gun
Are all I have left of you.)

The girls that you used to know
  Go by in the sunset light
But nevermore with them to and fro
A lad goes by as he used to go
  And smiles in his mother's sight—
(Little son—little son!
  Your blithe young ghost from a time that's done,
Is all I can see to-night!)

Correspondence

Mr. Yarros's Programme of Reconstruction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You published, on October 19, a paper by Mr. Yarros. In it he gave us a Programme of Reconstruction.

Will you now tell your readers that I propose to reprint that programme in leaflet form, and to send copies free of charge to those who ask for them, up to a total of, say, five thousand copies, provided I get, in response to this note, a sufficient number of inquiries to make the printing seem worth while? If I get even a few responses to this note, I shall ask the *New Republic* and the *Dial* to publish a note like this one from me, and to reprint the Programme of Reconstruction.

I make these suggestions because I believe Mr. Yarros has put into that programme the best of the many ideas in reconstruction that liberal and open-minded persons in this our country have expressed or privately held in these latter days.

JOHN COTTON DANA

Public Library, Newark, N. J., December 30

Tastes Change

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why does my fellow townsman "M. M. S." suggest leaving New York to learn that many persons are still satisfied with kings and kingdoms? All too many are still perfectly satisfied with them, here, there, and everywhere—yes, and five years ago were perfectly satisfied with Emperors and Empires.

M. McM.

Philadelphia, January 6

Righto!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Fred Newton Scott should add to his list of foreign words ushered into English by the war a number of French t rms connected with aviation. *Escadrille* is perhaps the most commonly used. But the chief influence on our vocabulary during these red years has not been French or German. It has been English, e. g., "do our bit," go to "Blighty" and comfort ourselves with a "fag," while it is a witless canteen worker or Naval Reserve girl who cannot come back with "righto" once every two minutes.

WILLIAM E. BOHN

New York, January 4

The Carnegie Foundation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to a statement in the *Nation* of December 7 which does serious injustice to the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation. The statement is in effect that two years ago the Carnegie Foundation announced the practical withdrawal of the existing pension plan, but that in response to a report from a Committee of the American Association of University Professors it proceeded to compound its existing obligations and to incorporate the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association of America for the purpose of substituting a contributory pension scheme. The facts are as follows:

The trustees of the Foundation at its beginning conceived of the teacher's pension only as a free pension. Very early in its history the comparative merits of a free pension system and a contributory system began to be considered. The reports of the Foundation for a number of years were largely given to the discussion of this question. Three years ago there was laid before the trustees by the president a provisional plan for transforming the free pension system into a contributory system and for establishing the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association. It was assumed that any change would be made with due regard to the expectations of teachers in the present system. This provisional report was sent by the trustees to all associated colleges, and to their teachers, and their criticism and coöperation invited. Along with this provisional report was sent the following resolution of the trustees:

"That the Board present to the associated institutions for their careful consideration a report of the president of the Foundation upon a comprehensive pension system, to be applied in the future, with the request that, if they deem it desirable, they submit alternative plans or suggestions, and the Board herewith announce that whatever plan is finally adopted will be devised with scrupulous regard to the privileges and expectations which have been created under existing rules."

Among the first to whom this provisional report was sent was the president of the American Association of University Professors and the coöperation of that body was invited in the effort to solve the pension problem upon the basis of a sound social philosophy and of contractual security. The president of the Association wrote in reply that "it would be very appropriate for our association to keep in touch with the plans of the Foundation and also, if you so desire, to offer its opinion formally, in the shape of a committee report. Will you please advise me at your earliest convenience whether that procedure would be suitable in your judgment?" The Foundation gladly accepted the coöperation of such a committee. Two members of that committee served upon a joint commission which recommended the fundamental principles that later found expression in the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association.

It is difficult to see how the trustees of the Foundation could indicate more clearly their sense of responsibility or their desire to solve this great problem in coöperation with all whose interests were affected.

In making and announcing the original rules for retirement of teachers the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation took pains not to bind themselves by promises they might be unable to fulfil. In connection with their original announcement and as part of the same memorandum, they explicitly reserved the right to make such changes in the rules of retirement as experience might indicate as desirable for the benefit of the whole body of teachers in the United States and Canada. In transforming the pension system into a contractual plan of insurance and annuities, the expectations of the six thousand teachers in the associated institutions have been met not only fairly but generously. The transformation itself is spread over a period of fifty years and the Foundation will expend some sixty millions of dollars in paying for these pensions.

The trustees of the Carnegie Foundation pretend to no greater

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knowledge than other men. They have had to deal with a difficult problem in a little understood field. In the endeavor to solve this problem wisely they availed themselves of every possible assistance, they have consulted every association connected with education, they corresponded with thousands of college teachers. The charge that their action has been autocratic or without every effort to obtain the judgment of the teachers themselves is entirely undeserved.

The obligations in this matter do not lie wholly with the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation. There are also obligations upon the teachers of the associated colleges who have been for twelve years, and who will continue to be for fifty years to come, the chief beneficiaries of the trust. The common obligations of trustees and beneficiaries have been nowhere better stated than in the following words from the President of the American Association of University Professors in the presidential address of December, 1916:

"The founder's idea was a noble and unique one; himself and his trustees are entitled to our heartiest gratitude and cordial sympathy. The grumbling and even hostile attitude sometimes exhibited is not justifiable. . . . The situation at the outset was novel; the enterprise was in some degree inevitably experimental and alterable. The trustees were and are morally entitled to make such changes as may seem absolutely necessary; the propriety of fulfilling natural expectations of beneficiaries being as obvious to the trustees as to others. Whatever change of plan is proposed will properly rest for its adoption upon the just and enlightened judgment of the trustees after full deliberation."

HENRY S. PRITCHETT

New York, December 29

"Gob" Has Nothing on "Doughboy"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I too pity the sailorman with his burden of livery and nickname. But what of the soldier? After much futile dispute and discussion, we reëndowed him with the unlovedly and time-worn name "Doughboy," which is bad enough. In the matter of livery, time was when he made a gallant show—as a thin red line and what not. Those were the days when he walked with twenty 'ousemaids out of Chelsea to the Strand or their New York equivalents; he could have had a hundred if he had wanted them. And now look at him! What a falling off is there! No wonder that he would fain exchange low visibility for invisibility. Curiously enough, there is little that is phonetically objectionable about "slacker."

MUFTI

New York, January 25

A Poet for a Poet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The possibilities of exchanging men of letters between nations have never been developed. We are familiar with the idea of exchange-professors. Why not exchange-poets?

Of course, the usefulness of the poet is unrecognized by Dunn or Bradstreet. Poets neither influence the table of exports and imports nor figure noticeably in the balance of trade. Stranger still, their dollar value is almost nil. Nevertheless, if these delicate-fingered, long-haired madmen do minister to the pleasure of the discerning few or many (and not a few even succeed in being revered a time after death) would it not serve sound public policy as well as the interests of humanity if the state became aware of the poet's activities and sent him abroad to see, reflect, and create? In this way, he could extend the range of his appeal, without turning academician. As soon as the world swings back to peace—as we normally understand the word—the plan of exchanging poets (not to mention dramatists, novelists, critics, essayists and others) should be put into effect.

FELIX SPER

Brooklyn, January 20.

Literature

English Singers

Lover's Gift and Crossing. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Mandragora. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw.

Coal and Candlelight. By Helen Parry Eden. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25.

Poems. By Edward Thomas. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.

Poems of Conformity. By Charles Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.40.

Twenty. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 80 cts.

The Star Fields. By Willoughby Weaving. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Stars and Fishes. By George Rostrevor. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25.

Sketches in Verse. By M. C. Strachey. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Brookdown and Other Poems. By Egbert T. Sandford. London: Erskine Macdonald.

The Old Huntsman and Other Poems. By Siegfried Sassoon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Thursday's Child, by E. Rendall. *Bohemian Glass,* by E. L. Duff. *Contacts,* by T. W. Earp. *The Iron Age,* by Frank Betts. *The Two Worlds,* by Sherard Vines. *The Burning Wheel,* by A. L. Huxley. *A Vagabond's Wallet,* by S. Reid-Heyman. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Windows. By Christopher Johnson and E. B. C. Jones. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

The Omega and Other Poems. By Edward Sbillito. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 65 cts.

THE reader who has forced his intrepid way across my barricade of titles may repose himself in the covert or recess of "Lover's Gift," the first section of Tagore's latest volume. The love it sings or rather breathes is neither healthily sensuous nor healthily spiritual; it might have satisfied John Donne, who wanted "to talk with some old lover's ghost, who died before the god of love was born." The rhymeless and metreless but not rhythmless lines have the length, the slenderness, the hollowness, and the dusky varnish of reeds, and, like reeds, their property is to whisper. There are prettinesses which a world overstocked with prettiness need not bestir itself to welcome, and florid and garish things as inoffensive as a woman's gaudy cloak in a chamber lighted only by a shaft of moonshine.

"Crossing," without arriving at final significance, is much better. High mysticisms, already dear to Western thought, are expressed with a courtly remoteness in brief, measured, not unimaginative or unappealing, parables. The want of final significance springs from the fact that Tagore's relation to these mysticisms is only that of master of the robes.

When I read "Wayfarers" and after "Wayfarers" "Episode" in Mr. Powys's "Mandragora," I was traversed by a shiver of expectancy. The fulfilment did not match the forecast, but that meteor animates to this hour my remembrance of the book. The first point in "Mandragora" is its fluid, almost misty, rhythm, a rhythm which seems the evocative force behind the diction and perhaps the imagery. That imagery is monotonous and old-fashioned, full of dusky water rippled by a plaintive wind. The poems belong, roughly, to the "Ulalume" type, but their mould is more tenuous. Their shape is a dewdrop's shape, a globe ready to tremble at the next moment into a plash. Instability is the artistic defect; the poet cannot fix, cannot *secure* his impression.

To this rule there is a notable exception. The plaintiveness becomes bitterness at times, and bitters have an acknowledged virtue as tonics. Their invigorative effect on Mr. Powys is

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remarkable. The mood in its quietness and resignation is akin to Hardy's, but it does not rise to the desolate grandeur of the shattered and sand-choked Palmyra of Hardy's disillusioned world. The feeling in Mr. Powys is intenser and more vibrating. I can quote but one stanza.

"So now that all is over,
Let the great stars emerge,
Placid and calm, and cover
The sky from verge to verge!
The deep and flowing magic
Of the universe is such,
Comic be it, or tragic,
It does not matter much!"

In "Coal and Candlelight" Mrs. Eden has achieved a charming and original poem. Mother, hearth, and babe is the tritest of themes, but Mrs. Eden has made the old new by the bright paradox of making it—antique. She begins with Theocritus and ends with the Vulgate. She wraps the child in a tabard and lays her in a shrine.

"Who, newly slumbering in my lap,
Stirs in resentful quietude.
Her little shawl-swathed fists enfold
One cherished forefinger of mine;
Her callow hair with Tuscan gold
Is pencilled in the candle-shine;
Her cheeks' sweet heraldry, exprest
Each evening since her happy birth,
Is argent to her mother's breast
And gules to the emblazoning hearth."

Edward Thomas, in whom England lost a critic whose penetration she scarcely realized, wrote poems showing much *general* faculty, a good allowance of the poetical *temper*, but a dearth or shortage of the *poetical faculty* as such. His earth and water poems seem to me sunken in nature, as the landscape verse of Byron and Shelley is not; but, with more to say, he is less articulate. He liked Jefferies, Maeterlinck, and Borrow, liked the out-of-the-way folk; and his verse is full of that wish to be individual which in our day, by a pointed irony, is coming to mark a class. He is not content to be normal, and his oddities are mostly misfits. When not misfits, they can almost charm us. The "Gallows" softens terror into lure; the "Green Roads" is drowsily beguiling; and "Lob," if not quite a poem, serves admirably as an old drawer from which the scents of old woods and herbs escape in aromatic profusion.

In Mr. Shaw's "Arms and the Man" Raina meets the returning Sergius with the Scriptural apostrophe, "My lord and my g—." Forty pages and more of Mr. Charles Williams's nonconformist "Poems of Conformity" glorify sexual love by appropriations from religion of a type similar to Raina's. I am not a Catholic, but if Mr. Charles Williams ate his dinner out of the pyx, I should think his conduct inhuman. Moreover, Raina cared very little for Sergius, and I distrust the great emotion which cannot find its hyperboles without desecrating the sanctuaries of the race. So far I can see pretty clearly, but, from this point onward, Mr. Williams becomes rather baffling to me. The indelicate thing is not indelicately done, and the doer is literary to the core. His filiation to the Muses is conspicuous, though he moves in their halle with the mingled freedom and unconcern of the half-believing son of a clergyman through the aisles of a church. This, however, says too little or too much. Rhapsody, devotion, of a kind has supplied the coloring, if not the substance, of the poems, and one half fancies that Mr. Williams is trying to call back the aromatic and fervid verse of Quarles and Herbert and Crashaw from the tomb where it lies buried with the Christ in spices. Its response to Mr. Williams's call is dubious.

Miss Stella Benson is not illiberally supplied with clairvoyances, self-chastenings, and "leaden-eyed despairs." I doubt if she has much immediate need of these commodities. They are laid up against future use like winter flannels purchased in April. I figure Miss Benson as a cheerful, sturdy, buxom spirit who would return from a pious visit to a grave in perfect readiness for the consumption of a substantial English dinner. I like her best perhaps in burlesque or the mood of rueful jollity in which she declares lyrically that

"The poor brown lives of London cling
About the poor brown streets like smoke."

The bounties of the Muses to Mr. Willoughby Weaving demand two hundred and fifty pages for their accommodation. Mr. Weaving's inheritance in Parnassus is considerable, but the encumbrances are so many that it will yield a revenue only to sagacity. Now sagacity—sterling intelligence—is precisely what Mr. Weaving lacks. He impresses us as half awake; his very puissances, which are not wholly unreal, are those of the somnambulist. Melody he undoubtedly possesses. He provides couches for the ear—and for the mind—in rich, dreamy, intellectually vacant stanzas to whose delicate intricacies the Spenserian stanza has served, not as pattern, but as prompter. Here, for instance, a vaguely romantic mood employs a dimly seductive music:

"Till waves seemed breaking on a barren shore
In all the anguish of their bitter snow,
Running with melancholy fringes hoar
Upon the rippled sand and sighing dead?"

I like him better in narrative. To poets who lean to imagery and music, narration is a palæstra by the discipline of which the flesh is reduced and the frame suppled. The Poet-Laureate is gracious in an elaborately modest introduction.

Mr. George Rostrevor's "Stars and Fishes" would stock an aquarium more fitly than a firmament. The rather general pointlessness of his verse is suspended in "St. Cupid" where the stanzas have apparently borrowed point from the darts of the god whose saintship they playfully satirize.

Mr. Frederic Harrison contributes a glowing "Foreword" to the idyls of travel which Miss Strachey entitles "Sketches in Verse." The geniality of Mr. Harrison is established by his delight in these mildly agreeable poems which could supply delight only to geniality.

Mr. Egbert T. Sandford sings "thankful hymns" in a pleasing voice for what we may call the Longfellow audience. That audience, which Longfellow himself so often transcended, is transcended by Mr. Sandford in "Brookdown" and "Sunday Before Easter" by virtue of his gift of style.

The poetry of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon is respectable—an adjective in which disrespect is couchant. In his war verse he is fearless and (apparently) well informed, and when his fearlessness clamps itself to a fact, the result is that kind and degree of power which one finds in a fortunate page of Zola's "Débâcle." The countryside poems have fewer repulsions and fewer lures.

I have listed a series of titles of brief, paper-bound, mostly two-shilling, volumes of minor verse, published, some of them long since, by Mr. B. H. Blackwell of Oxford. The series reveals an ability, an alacrity, among secondary poets which seems rather French than English. The distinctive traits are accomplishment and fearlessness. While the banderole, "Adventurers All," is possibly a little too ambitious (there are on the literary globe not Antarctic Continents or Northwest Passages enough to go around), decks have been sprayed now and then with the "foam of perilous seas" among lands that are often "fairylike" and pretty generally "forlorn." Not one of these poets is great, yet almost every one has produced a single poem over which the wakeful critic pauses with that indecision which is homage.

In the captivating "In Broceliande," Mr. T. W. Earp has filched from Vivien herself the secret of imprisoning the reader's fancy in a net of which the meshes are all but invisible. Miss Elizabeth Rendall, a lyrist of playful daring and versatile experiment, rises close to distinction in "and at evening my wife died" and in the Chinese "Idyll" in which Theocritus is renas-

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cent in Cathay. We know that the river Alpheus, which Milton identifies with the Sicilian Muse, had the property of disappearances and re-emergences in distant parts. Miss E. L. Duff has an iridescent fancy, and if her poems sometimes make us recall the affinity of irises with bubbles, there are times when she almost shames that criticism into silence. Had the monologue, "Jehane the Queen Breaks Silence," been able to lift its thought to a force commensurate with the grace and melancholy of a mood which clothes royalty in a finer purple, it would have taken a place among great poems.

Mr. Sherard Vines, a man of some native force, is consistent in the sacrifice of beauty to power in the "Two Worlds." The result would indicate that power is ungrateful.

Mr. S. Reid-Heyman's "Ut Quid, Deus," is Browningesque in its nourishment of philosophy on melodrama, but its thought is less impressive than the pellucid dusk, the melancholy precision, of its form. If in the awesome and darksome "Angantyr," in which the will of a living woman wrests from the reluctance of a buried warrior the sword which is to avenge his fall, Mr. Frank Betts has not entered into sublimity, his foot has grazed its threshold. The accomplishment in Mr. Christopher Johnson's "Aubade" would interest even a Frenchman, and Mr. E. B. C. Jones holds a truth like a caught bird quivering in his hand in the finely named "Jerked Heartstrings in Town."

In a world of "almosts" and "hardlys," Mr. Aldous Huxley cannot rank with the "quites," but I like the sledge-stroke of his "Sonnet" on page 33, and the damsons and pomegranates of his more sensuous verse leave a tart sweetness on the palate.

In calm, classic verse, of processional movement, the religious temper of Edward Sbillito has done what it could to find incense in cannon-smoke.

O. W. Firkins

Fog in the Pulpit

Old Truths and New Facts. By Charles E. Jefferson. New York: Fleming H. Revell & Co. $1.25.

Religion and the War. Edited by E. Hershey Sneath. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.

The Next Step in Religion. By Roy Wood Sellars. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The New Orthodoxy. By Edward Scribner Ames. University of Chicago Press. $1.

The New Problem. By Joseph Husslein. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.25.

Right and Wrong After the War. By Bernard Iddings Bell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Christian Internationalism. By William Pierson Merrill. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

A BRITISH General attached to one of the numerous "missions" at Washington was asked what he thought of the performance of the Church during the war. "I am afraid," he replied, "that the dear old Church has missed the 'bus this trip." Perhaps Bernard Shaw was right after all when he said that the churches ought to have been closed at the declaration of war. It would, indeed, probably have been better for the churches. Mrs. Carlyle was in the habit of saying that the Great Bad was "mixing things up"; and plainly the Great Bad has overtaken the churches.

Here is Dr. Jefferson, for instance, saying in one of his Cole Lectures that "the proper thing to say to a conscientious objector is not a quotation from the book of Nehemiah" (which of course is perfectly true) "but a few passages from the lips of Woodrow Wilson. He is our leader, and we have a right to expect God to speak to us through him." Apparently, then, the divine right of Kings has passed into the divine inspiration of Presidents; and from a Congregationalist this is, as the English would say, "coming it rather strong." What, one wonders, would Senator Lodge say to this doctrine?

This is the penalty Dr. Jefferson has to pay for his attempt to reconcile his pre-war pacifism with his later advocacy of the war; it is always difficult to square the circle. Not that Dr. Jefferson is not altogether honest and very brave. Of course he is. But he is forever haunted by his past, and he gives us the impression that he is trying to stand four-square with what he said before the war and at the same time to say that that does not apply in this particular case. This does not make for sound thinking.

In any case the Christian *apologia* for the war is already beginning to sound somewhat unreal. The essays which Mr. Sneath has edited, written by his colleagues at the Yale School of Religion, have about them a curious suggestion of flogging a dead horse. The issues have already ceased to be actual. There is, of course, much good sense in the book, but it is too continuously strained by the impossible task of mating incompatibilities to carry conviction to any but the convinced. The truth is, of course, that the war came and found the Church in a state both of intellectual and moral unpreparedness for its challenge, and there were only two alternatives open,—either to follow the obviously growing sense of the hopeless inconsistency of any war with the Christian gospel and to denounce the war, or to accept the war and make the best of Christianity under the conditions so imposed. Perhaps there was a third course, that of declaring a moratorium on Christianity for the duration of the war, getting on with the war, and then making a fresh start with Christianity—if that should be possible. The Church as a whole chose the second alternative; and Christianity is coming out of the treatment somewhat the worse for wear. Whether either of the other courses would have produced better results is now only a matter of academic interest.

Dr. Jefferson does not think that the war will bring any revolutionary changes to the Church or her teachings, but that there will be changes of emphasis here and there. Certainly this is true of Dr. Jefferson's own Christianity. To him the traditional elements of the evangelical synthesis are eternal in the heavens; and he does not anticipate that they will be greatly moved. We shall all think a little differently about Jesus, the Bible, prayer, and so forth, but the general scheme is not likely to be altered much. This is probably true if the Church's vitality remains at its present level. Nothing of any consequence can happen. But Dr. Jefferson's conservatism is by no means universal. Dr. Sellars, for instance, in "The Next Step in Religion," sees theistic Christianity being discarded outright for a religion which consists of "loyalty to the values of life." This sounds very well, but what on earth does it mean? What values? We have all the sympathy in the world with every plea for the injection of a robuster humanism into religious life and practice, but we do not think Dr. Sellars has found the clue. "Spiritualized naturalism" is a great phrase, but where is the spirituality to come from—on Dr. Sellars's showing—if not from nature. In which case why spiritualize naturalism? The trouble with Dr. Sellars's thinking would seem to be that he thinks that a scientific empiricism is the same thing as realism. We thought we had gone past that stage, and it is quite sure that we shall not evolve a new religion merely by eliminating the non-rational elements of faith and tricking up the residue into a system. This criticism should, however, not be taken to mean that Dr. Sellars has not given us an able and well written book.

Mr. Ames's little volume, "The New Orthodoxy," a charming modernist essay, stands somewhere within the great gulf which separates Dr. Jefferson from Dr. Sellars,—but with a bias toward the latter. It is a plea for a humanized faith in contrast to the scholastic faith of traditional Protestantism; and it may be taken as indicating the coming tendency in religious thought and practice. We do not believe that the reconstruction of religion will come through theological change, but that it will follow as the result of a new ethical orientation. The future is neither for Dr. Jefferson's evangelicalism nor for Dr. Sellars's spiritualized naturalism, but for a religion which will combine the faith of the one with the rationality of the other in some

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such ethico-religious approach to the facts of life (including God) as Mr. Ames outlines.

That this humanism is on the way is evident from the number of books which have been appearing for a long time on the relation of the Church to social problems. It is interesting in particular to find a Roman Catholic essay upon this subject; and it is instructive in so much as it shows how hard put to it a genuine humanism will be to make any considerable headway into some of our ecclesiastical institutions. The impression that Father Husslein's book, "The World Problem," chiefly gives is that the Roman Church must be proved to be the sole and only repository of all the clues to all the problems, and that Socialism must be damned at all costs. It is a characteristic piece of Roman apologetic; and while it says some useful and impressive things, it makes no real contribution to the matter in hand save only as it pleads for a restoration of the Guilds. Its significance lies in the fact that the social problem is becoming critical even for Catholicism. Dean Bell's "Right and Wrong After the War" is less a reasoned argument than a record of intuitions, but it is none the worse for that. It is a plain and unequivocal declaration of the duty of the Church relative to property, sex, the local community, and national and international problems; and it is essentially true and sound,—and, therefore, courageous at the present time. For instance, Dean Bell says outright: "The Church's teaching about property in the present situation ought to be something like this: All property is given of God to the entire human race. Rights to private property are not rights proceeding from God, but are delegated to private holders by the social group. The group may give and take away these rights as it deems wise." This is, of course, stark Bolshevism; and Dean Bell had better look out. Meantime, he has given us a brave and invigorating book; he, at least, is not in a fog.

Dr. Merrill's "Christian Internationalism" is timely; the cause of Internationalism needs all the advocacy it can get. Dr. Merrill goes over familiar ground with characteristic force and lucidity, but we own to some misgiving as to the part the Church will play in the creation of an international order. Until it is emancipated from the nationalism which now everywhere rules it, its own ideal catholicity will never come within hail of realization; and it is unfortunately the fact that the war has intensified the nationalism of the churches.

The general impression one gets from reading a group of volumes such as these is one of muddlement. Somehow, somewhere, the Church has "missed the 'bus." Carlyle, speaking of the preacher, cries: "If he could but find the point again—this speaking one!" And it is impossible to resist the feeling that the "speaking one" is tragically at sea just now. There is neither open vision nor prophetic word. The pulpit is enveloped in a dense fog.

The Government of Canada

Evolution of the Dominion of Canada: Its Government and Its Politics. By Edward Porritt. Government Handbooks. Yonkers: World Book Co. $1.50.

TWO federations of English-speaking people lie side by side in North America, each of them including half a continent. In the past, one of them has watched the other closely, while this other has almost ignored its neighbor. The reason is not far to seek. Canada has only seven or eight million people. The United States has about this number multiplied by fifteen. It rarely sees a Canadian newspaper, and hears little of events in Canada. Millions of Americans scarcely know, indeed, what the word "Canada" means. A professor in a college at Washington recently told of inquiries he had had about Canada: "Is Canada a city or a country?" "Do they speak the American language there?" "Are there many Eskimos and Indians in Toronto?" Canada, on the other hand, hears much about the United States. It reads, perforce, many American newspapers. It is true that Canada is very ignorant about American history, for this is not taught in Canadian schools. But the lesser country has to take too many things from its great neighbor not to learn about its ways. Considering the small population of Canada, the trade between the two countries is colossal; it is greater than that of the United States with any other country but Great Britain, greater by far than the trade with all Asia or South America. To Canada the United States looms up vast, as England looms up vast to Scotland. The parallel might be carried further; this northern people in America have energy and dour persistence not unlike those which Scotland has shown in relation to the softer land of England.

A real need is thus supplied by Mr. Edward Porritt's volume on the government and politics of Canada, recently included in the series of "Government Handbooks." The editors, in an appreciative Introduction, say that "the administration of justice, of cities, and of local institutions in Canada show a clear superiority over their counterpart in the United States." The contrasts between the two federal systems are many. In Canada the American executive, independent of the legislative power, is unknown. Without doubt the war has raised questionings whether the power of the President is not too independent and despotic. The United States has no legislature with only one chamber, Canada has half a dozen; and there are not as loud complaints in Canada about rash legislation as there are in the United States. All judges in Canada are named by the Federal power; there is a Federal criminal law; and this Federal control has enabled Canada to preserve order in the most remote regions, with never a lynching. The provincial legislatures in Canada, corresponding to state Legislatures, can change their Constitutions by simple bills passed like any other bills. Canada does not know the constitutional convulsion. Its Federal Constitution, too, is easily changed if there is a real desire for change. During the war Canada prolonged the life of Parliament for a year beyond the usual term. Formally the thing was done by a bill passed at London; in reality it was done by a resolution of the Canadian Parliament. In this facility of change in the Constitution Canada is like Great Britain, and the likeness is remarkable, since Canada is a federation with the division of power so sharply defined that change might tend to upset the balance. All political power in Canada is really created in the House of Commons; since the members of the Senate are appointed for life by a Ministry responsible to the House of Commons, the House really names the Senate. It names, too, the Prime Minister, who, and not the Governor General, is the real Canadian counterpart of the President. The members of the House of Representatives at Washington might well look with longing to the popular chamber in Canada, which performs the equivalent of naming both President and Senate and holds them in complete subjection to its authority.

Mr. Porritt's earlier chapters describe the scene of Canadian life and the people, their political development from separate and scattered provinces and territories into a great federation completed in 1873. There are a good many mistakes in the history. The best part of the book is the last eight chapters, where the working of Canadian institutions is described. Mr. Porritt explains how the Federal Government and the provincial Governments fit in together, what the Governor-General and Senate do, which is practically nothing, and what the Cabinet, kept in office by the House of Commons, does, which is nearly everything.

Mr. Porritt is mistaken when he speaks of an "established" church in the Province of Quebec (p. 65). It is true, however, that the Canadian system, unlike that of the United States, permits of the levying of a tax by a church. The Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec can levy taxes for church purposes, and it controls directly the religious teaching in state-supported Catholic schools. There are no formal prohibitions in the Canadian Constitution, like those found in the United States. A Canadian Legislature can confiscate property without compensation, billet soldiers in private houses, and do other tyrannous things. It does not, however, do them.

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American Parents

On Our Hill. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

The Prestons. By Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

IS the modern American mother worth keeping, or should a more efficient substitute be found? This is the question one asks—perhaps not for the first time—on reading two extremely interesting books about her. Josephine Daskam Bacon is breezy, entertaining, and exasperating as Our Mother, and betrays her own attitude towards her three children in the dedication of "On Our Hill": "To Anne (respectfully); to Deborah (admiringly); to Selden (adoringly)." Our Mother is enchanted with her maternal rôle and finds her three wholesome and far from unusual children fascinatingly entertaining. Here is no problem of family life, for Our Nurse and Our Governess are perfectly trained, and Our Mother finds time amid literary and social distractions to read to her three and to kiss the boy in and out of season. With no apparent interest in other children, nor any comparative knowledge, she persists in regarding her own as gifted and amusing babies and herself as an inspired mother, till suddenly they pass out of fairyland into the tedious world of every day and she finds that the "Maeterlinck seraph" and his sisters are now a disagreeable triangular problem. "She solved it in exactly four minutes, and had all the trunks brought up from the cellar." The girls are rushed off to boarding school and the angel boy (who now "would sell his mother's shoes for money to buy sweets") is removed to a fashionable city school. In a word, when the fun stops and the work begins, Our Mother instantly abandons her responsibility and ends by saying: "You may all grow up, if you like, now, for all of me."

In the household of "The Prestons" Mary Heaton Vorse picks up the problem where Mrs. Bacon drops it. The older Preston boy is nearly ready for college, the girl is sixteen, and the small boy is twelve. The mother, therefore, is in the hardest situation likely to confront her. In this she is hindered by the intermittently interfering father, the incessantly interfering maiden-aunt, and the continual "state of mind" of Seraphy, who has a life-tenure as cook. The Mother's position in this household—as in how many others!—is that of buffer and oiler. Aunt Maria has a touching faith that everything can be cured by two mysterious processes: one is known as "Nipping Things in the Bud," and the other is "Taking Steps." Edith in the high school is being taught household efficiency, which she practices on a reluctant family. Osborn persists in falling in love at frequent intervals. Both the older children feel that Mother is getting decidedly old-fashioned and has failed lamentably in bringing them up. As for poor Jimmie and his longing for an Annual Animal, the family is so intolerant that he is not allowed "even to keep a snake." In spite of his mother's yearning sympathy he is the victim of constant repression, and accordingly proceeds to break out somewhere else. Suddenly Henry the Father wakes to a tardy sense of misgiving and announces that things aren't fair to the boy. "It is *my* fault. I didn't pay enough attention to the upbringing of that child." His natural solution is work; Jimmie is to earn money in garden and cellar. But, as Seraphy says, "Siftin' ashes ain't goin' to learn him to be industrious. . . . It's only goin' to learn him shirkin' and how to make excuses." The melancholy experiment is abandoned. The Mother wonders how one gets a boy of twelve to take his share of responsibility in the life of the family, when his work is of no real value. But while the Mother wonders the child grows up.

Mrs. Vorse's analysis is wonderfully true, though through all the extremely funny situations there runs a current of sadness reminiscent of "The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman." The family she describes is typical of Our Town in Illinois—a far more frequent and American type than that of Our Hill on the Hudson. Being Mother on the Hilltop was a delicious interlude in a career. Being Mother in Our Town is an all-the-year-round "familiar task of meeting Jimmie's difficulty and smoothing out Henry." Henry Preston is like a thousand American family men, leaving everything to the mother, and interfering *hardly* ever but always at the wrong moment. Partnership in parenthood is so rare among us and vision so limited that parents still persist in believing that their children are being brought up instead of seeing that they are persons growing up. Careers are no longer issued under sealed orders; in abandoning this ancient right of parenthood the elders too often sit back to let youth run its swifter pace unaided. There is, of course, the occasional mother who begins a university course on psychology while her baby is in the nursery, only to find him in the grades before she is ready to practice her child-study on him; and the less frequent mother who "takes up her Thomas à Kempis for guidance in trying where all others have failed." On the other hand there is the wartime mother who has received from the young people of her family a written vote of thanks for allowing them to be born and to grow up at this particularly interesting time,—a mother worth having, and one doubtless inspired to "carry on." But most of us make no effort to keep up beyond jogging along comfortably with the children in easy sight, till they suddenly strike their stride and are gone.

In the Name of the Past

Moon of Israel: A Tale of the Exodus. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The Man in Grey: Being Episodes of the Chouan Conspiracies in Normandy during the First Empire. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Foes. By Mary Johnston. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Third Estate. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Rule of Might: A Romance of Napoleon at Schönbrunn. By J. A. Cramb. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IT is probable that Sir Rider Haggard could make a readable romance out of an almanac or a time-table, if he set his hand to it, or out of one of those "Reports on the Salvation Army in the U. S. A." or "Schemes for Land Settlement" which we find listed among the products of his active pen and equally active and varied experience. Moses in Egypt is not a theme to thrill youth in this day, nor Israel's sufferings under "old Pharaoh," nor even the miracle of Israel's escape. Indeed, the story-teller does not make of these matters a tale to vie with his earlier and more spontaneous figments, "She" and "King Solomon's Mines." One imagines him saying to himself, as story-telling time approaches: "Come, I believe there's a yarn left in the old Israel-in-Egypt affair"; and setting to work to see what he can make of it. Clearly, we mustn't have it from the old Hebraic angle. So he lets the story be told by one Ana, who is scribe to Seti, son to that Pharaoh whose oppression of the chosen people called down the plagues upon Egypt, and cousin to that Pharaoh who was swallowed with his hosts by the avenging waters of the Red Sea. Seti, in truth, bears a marked resemblance to the modern eccentric hero, the Septimus or the Bibbs whose charm lies in his childlike and direct nature, his distrust of convention and fondness for simple things. Seti doesn't want to be a Pharaoh; his only real happiness in life is in his love for the beautiful Merapi, "moon of Israel," who is centre of the romantic action. That action is too clearly a contrivance. And the characterization cannot be accepted seriously—it plays too frankly the old game of the historical romancer. Human nature, says he, is always the same; therefore, under the guise of reanimating the past, we may safely people our ancient scene with ourselves and our neighbors. The costume novel is a safer gamble than the big bow-wow of historical interpretation. The present group of narratives includes a single example of the rarer and far more precarious type,—"The Rule of Might." The rest all in one way or another make use of the past for the general ends of romance.

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The Baroness Orczy does this in a quite legitimate way. "The Man in Grey" deserves its sub-title; for it conveys an impression of a picturesque phase of the early Napoleonic years. The secret of the "Chouans" the story-teller does not profess to solve, whether they were honest if lawless adherents of the Bourbon cause, or a mere pack of lawless brigands made up of deserters from the army and fugitives from conscription, of felons and bankrupt aristocrats. But she shows them in action, and gives that action vividness by relating it to the activities of her Napoleonic secret agent, the mysterious "Man in Grey," to whose identity history has given but a single clue—the name Fernand once used by Fouché in a report to the Emperor. But having paid this much tribute to the past, or having thus invoked its sponsorship, the writer proceeds to tell what is in essence a series of admirable detective stories, with the suitably imperturbable and invulnerable Fernand as hero. By intention "Foes," by Mary Johnston, is, as always with this writer, something more than a costume story. But she sees the past always as through a veil of strained emotion, an heroic-colored scene peopled with figures carefully clothed and speaking scrupulously by the calendar, though always with the accent of Miss Johnston, an accent high-pitched and a trifle over-intense: a sort of verbal costume in itself. Here, her fancy crosses the water and concerns itself with two young Scots who have had dismal relations in an earlier existence and now meet under that handicap. This is becoming almost a "stock" situation in current fiction: see "The Ghost Girl," by H. de Vere Stacpoole, "The Ghost Garden," by Amelie E. Rives, Miss Johnston's own "The Wanderers," and the works of Algernon Blackwood, *passim*. Our two young Scots, strongly contrasted in physique and character, meet at an impressionable moment of adolescence. They become sworn brothers. Alexander is the heart of gold, Ian the heart of fire. Alexander is the King's man and trusty lover, Ian the Jacobite and seducer of his friend's beloved. Therefore war between these two, as between the Kings they fight for at Fontenoy and Culloden. In the end, it appears, they bury the memory of the girl (self-slain long since) and set forth, fiercely emotional, to struggle towards some new star together. The author of "The Third Estate" is another confirmed practitioner in the dubious realm of "costume." This story has to do with the amours and high-and-mighty gestures of a perfect woman's-hero, Marquis de Sarcey, champion and typical product of the old régime during the brewing of the French Revolution. Readers who just love the high court manner, the confusion of all *canaille*, and the tears of slighted and adoring females of all ranks and persuasions, will find them here.

"The Rule of Might," we say, is on another plane from these more or less amusing "exploitations" of the past. For it is clear that the author has been animated by a real desire to present Napoleon as he was, at a moment of his career which well displays his strength and weakness as ruler and as man. "Schönbrunn" is evidently the author's chosen title, though one less opaque to the general novel-reader is to be found on title-page and cover. The action is confined to those few days when the conqueror, with Austria in his power, enjoyed at Schönbrunn the sensation of a Vienna at his feet, and pondered the terms he should impose upon his newest victims. With all its surface of triumph, it is a moment charged for him with consciousness of waning powers; something of the zest for life, for conquest even, is gone, and with it the old confidence in his destiny. An ominous incident is the attempt upon his life by the German boy Staps, and the execution of that zealot of liberty. But much of his fire and most of his authority remain. The book is remarkable for its conveyance, not only of the atmosphere of that Schönbrunn and Vienna but, largely through the lips of Napoleon himself, of the complex yet by no means inhuman man of might who shook the world for more than one generation. We think of no recent historical romance but "El Supremo," with its equally vivid interpretation of the Paraguayan tyrant Francia, to compare with "The Rule of Might" in regard to motive or quality.

Books in Brief

MARTYRED Armenia's claim to generous recognition on the part of the Peace Congress now in session admits of no shadow of a doubt; but if it did, such doubt would be dispelled by a reading of Bertha S. Papazian's historical sketch of her country's heroic constancy to an ideal through centuries of unparalleled oppression and cruelty. "The Tragedy of Armenia" (Pilgrim Press; $1) tells the tale of blood and horror with a dramatic effect that leaves one amazed at the stupidity (to give it no worse name) of a world that could permit such iniquities to pile themselves up until nothing short of a world upheaval was necessary in order to clear the ground and open a way for retributive justice. There is much of the physical and moral sturdiness of our own pioneer Pilgrims in this Armenian branch of our common Aryan stock; but in duration and severity of hardships undergone there is no comparison. For a thousand years this little people, upholding civilization amid a sea of barbarism that threatened to engulf it, has suffered what would have been the extinction of any less heroic, less determined, less sturdy race. A former President of the French Senate recently declared that if there should now be found too few surviving Armenians to form an independent state the dead must be counted with the living. But, fortunately, not even Turkish butchery with extra-Turkish high sanction has made such a course necessary. Let all expedition, however, be employed to consolidate and establish in freedom the still considerable remnants of a noble people. Such is the lesson of this book.

SOME facts and opinions which should be of mild interest to the growing number of Americans who delight in the very British Archibald Marshall are given in William Lyon Phelps's "Archibald Marshall: A Contemporary Realistic Novelist" (Dodd, Mead; 50 cts.). Professor Phelps has a knack of marrying brevity and discursiveness. The very few things he finds to tell us about the novelist (who seems indeed to be a very quiet and unadventurous gentleman) are supplemented by asides and bits of gossip representing the biographer's own little mental adventures apropos of his theme. They are the adventures of a mind open, pleased, informed, but lacking both subtlety and distinction. It is a not altogether flattering comment on our American standards of criticism that the Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale should feel free to write in so casual and journalistic a fashion of matters that might be taken to lie within his special field. His present estimate, as a piece of criticism, is superficial and commonplace; and his diction, as usual, would often fall before the blue pencil in a newspaper office: e. g. "Without any additional emphasis than the weight of the words"; and "To all those who have not yet read a single work by our author, I would counsel them to begin with ——." And this in a book revised from a lecture given at the University of Chicago and later reprinted in part in the *North American Review!*

IN ancient and mediæval times, and indeed down to rather recent days, there was no such thing as forensic psychiatry for the simple reason that madness was believed to be caused by demonic possession or by the curse of some offended god, and was treated in so drastic a fashion by the medical and later by the theological faculty that a plea of insanity in defence of a criminal charge was not likely to improve the lot of the accused. It is, therefore, not safe to conclude, as says Dr. George W. Jacoby in the first chapter of his book entitled "The Unsound Mind and the Law" (Funk & Wagnalls; $3), "that mental diseases were far more infrequent in ancient times than they are to-day," though such a view "seems to find its support in the fact that only exceptionally do the inscriptions upon ancient obelisks, tombs, etc., which recount all important happenings, mention the occurrence of insanity." The true cause

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of this, the author points out, lies in the fact that in those times many psychoses remained unrecognized, while in cases where they were recognized neither the sufferer nor his friends were likely to talk or write much about the matter. From retrospect Dr. Jacoby turns in his second chapter to a consideration of the actual state of the art of psychiatry to-day, and of its relation to the law, a relation which centres largely in the question of the degree of responsibility still enjoyed by persons suffering from various forms of mental disturbance. This branch of the subject is treated exhaustively from the points of view of the doctor, the judge, and the patient. The diagnostics of mental disease has a section to itself, which includes the diagnostics of the psychoses, neuropsychoses, the psychoses of involution, and special anomalies such as hypnosis and anomalies of the sexual sense. Of expert opinion, especially in borderland cases, Dr. Jacoby says that "in order to be able to estimate the medical expert's exposition at its true worth, the judge should have at least a general comprehension of medical matters. Likewise the physician who presents an opinion should at least be conversant with the views governing juristic actions." With this in mind, he concludes his book with a series of practical examples to illustrate the kind of opinion called for under specific conditions.

FOOD for laughter, especially if the book be read aloud, is abundantly furnished in the "Letters of Susan Hale" (Marshall Jones Co.; $3.50), as edited by her friend of a younger generation, Miss Caroline P. Atkinson, and introduced by her nephew, Professor Edward Everett Hale. No one but "Susan," as her friends all called her, could have painted her word picture of "Papa" (the elder E. E. H.) at Matunuck, R. I., as he came "storming up the back-stairs" after "he had tumbled into the pond at Julius' landing owing to a loose plank, and was wet through to the middle of his watch." A rare embodiment of "gay vitality and shrewd quaintness" (her nephew's characterization of her) was this ardent lover of the spice of life as it offered itself to her in travel and social intercourse, in art and literature and intimate correspondence, who died in 1910 after passing the scriptural limit by seven years. Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea, besides her own continent, witnessed her peregrinations, and her family and friends were made the sharers of her viatic joys and enthusiasms through long and frequent letters. With a few pen-strokes in the margin she could illustrate with comical effect what she had to say—as when she pictured herself swimming in the Dead Sea, with a conspicuous display of feet above the surface of that very buoyant body of water. Pungent comment on current literature was also within her province. It is all delightfully spontaneous, high-spirited, nimble-witted, and, in spots, quaintly colloquial.

WERE the enclosures in England due to an advance in the price of wool caused by the expansion of the woollen industry in the fifteenth and sixteen centuries? Or was arable farming replaced by grazing because of the deterioration of the soil? Dr. Simkhovitch holds to the latter theory, and one of his students, Dr. Harriet Bradley, undertakes to establish it by detailed examination of the available evidence in her work entitled "The Enclosure of Open Fields in England" (Columbia University Studies; $1.25). Contemporary evidence is closely studied; the author has sought facts in the literature of protest produced by disturbed social conditions of the seventeenth century as well as that of the sixteenth, to which inquiry is usually confined. Although the evidence is imperfect, and Dr. Bradley apparently has not had opportunity to make further collections of date beyond what has been published, she found enough to make her theory not only plausible but almost convincing. The work is divided into four chapters, covering the price of wool, the fertility of the common fields, the disintegration of the open fields, and enclosure for sheep pasture. Matters of importance in this connection, such as the real crisis in the condition of the villeins brought about by the spread of the money economy rather than by the popular and simple formula of the sheep-raiser's greed, receive adequate attention. But irrelevant considerations of which such tempting examples are to be found in the great literature of the time are for the most part excluded. The work is a model for the straightforward, satisfactory discussion of a definite topic in economic history.

IT is a long step forward from the days when the wretched occupants of Libby Prison eagerly read and passed along two English grammars, the only books available, to the more enlightened times when the unfortunates interned at Ruhleben enjoyed the use of a circulating library numbering finally eight thousand volumes, and of a reference collection containing an array of two thousand volumes. "War Libraries and Allied Studies" (Stechert; $2.50), by Theodore Wesley Koch, of the Congressional Library, describes the origin and rapid progress of the latter-day movement to supply soldiers and sailors with reading-matter and to educate them in the somewhat liberal fashion called for by the conditions of modern warfare and also by the exigencies to be faced after the war. Mr. Koch has done much publicity work for the Library War Service, and was sent two years ago on a special mission to England in connection with war-library matters. His present volume is composed partly of studies that have already seen print, some of them in briefer form, and partly of hitherto unpublished papers, all more or less closely inter-related.

INCLUDED in the first batch of Messrs. Boni & Liveright's new Penguin Series are Henry James's "Gabrielle de Bergerac" and Hermann Sudermann's "Iolanthe's Wedding" ($1.25 each). This series is to consist, in the words of the publishers, of "books of a distinguished literary value that have never before been published in America." Both of these qualifications are possessed by the present volumes, of which the first is the story of a woman of the old régime in France who falls in love with a worthy but quite undistinguished tutor and marries him in defiance of her aristocratic relatives. It is written in Henry James's earlier and to some people more pleasing style—that of the days when he condescended to finish his sentences instead of leaving his reader to do it for him. "Iolanthe's Wedding" describes in humorous vein how an elderly bachelor allows himself to be bamboozled into marrying a beautiful young girl, and what comes of it. The same volume contains three other stories by Sudermann, all of them dealing rather unpleasantly with matters of sex.

SIR LEE KNOWLES, in "The British in Capri, 1806-1808" (Lane; $5), has collected materials relating to the British occupation of the beautiful island in the Bay of Naples which was once the domicile of the Emperor Tiberius and is now a resort of travellers and pleasure-seekers. Capri was a part of Joseph Bonaparte's Kingdom of Naples, and was captured by a British fleet in 1806. While under British administration its natural defences were strengthened, and it was called "the Little Gibraltar." British rule was short-lived, however, for in 1808 a French and Neapolitan force under General Lamarque retook the island. The volume is made up principally of extracts from printed histories and manuscript sources, and is handsomely illustrated.

UNDER the title of "The Abingdon War-Food Book" (The Abingdon Press; 25 cents), there appears, with the sanction of Herbert Hoover and Vernon Kellogg, a reproduction of John Wesley's "Thoughts on the Present Scarcity of Provisions," dated 1773. Waste, luxury, and the distillery come in for their usual measure of deserved blame, though the odium which then rested on the extravagant horse has now been inherited by the gas-consuming automobile. Wesley ends with these words: "What good can we expect (suppose the scriptures are true) for such a Nation as this? . . . It seems as if *GOD must* shortly arise, and maintain His own Cause. But if so, let us *fall into the Hands of GOD, and not into the Hands of Men.*"

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Literary Notes

Another sheaf of John Burroughs's always delightful essays is promised for spring publication. "Field and Study" is its title.

An anthology of "English Prose from Bacon to Hardy," selected and edited by E. K. Broadus and R. K. Gordon, is soon to be published by the Oxford University Press.

"The European Commonweath: Problems Historical and Diplomatic," by J. A. R. Marriott, and a collection of addresses on "England and the War" by Sir Walter Raleigh, are soon to appear from the Oxford University Press.

A revised edition of Alfred W. Pollard's "Early Illustrated Books," a work which collectors and book-lovers generally have long held in high esteem, is soon to be brought out by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Dr. Morris Jastrow, jr., has made a new translation of Ecclesiastes, minus the additions of later date than the original text, and Messrs. Lippincott will publish it immediately under the title, "A Gentle Cynic."

Shortly before his death on active service in France a few months ago, Cecil Chesterton had completed a "History of the United States," which is about to appear with a biographical introduction by the author's brother, G. K. Chesterton.

Several books dealing with the Russian Revolution are promised for early publication. Besides John Reed's "Ten Days That Shook the World," already announced, these include "Russia's Agony" by Robert Wilton, "Russian Revolutionary Aspects" by Robert Crozier Long, and "From Czar to Bolshevik" by E. P. Stebbing.

Robert Sterling Yard, chief of the Government's Educational Division, National Parks Service, is writing a volume called "The Book of the National Parks" which aims to present all of the information, geological, historical, and descriptive, which a reader or tourist could ask for. It will be published by the Scribners.

"France Facing Germany" is the title of a collection, in English, of Georges Clemenceau's speeches and articles on the subject of the war. The matter has been selected and arranged by two French writers, Louis Lumet and Jean Martet, and the translator is Ernest Hunter Wright. Messrs Dutton will publish the book at once.

The reminiscences and letters of Catherine Breshkovsky, popularly known as the "Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," who is now in this country in behalf of her needy fellow-countrymen, were edited by Alice Stone Blackwell, of Boston, and published a year or more ago. Six editions have already been required of this book, and it is now being reissued in popular form.

The publishing output of Great Britain during 1918 amounted to 7,716 books, according to statistics compiled by "The Publishers' Circular." This represents a decrease of 415 titles as compared with the previous year. The largest falling off was in the departments of fiction and juvenile literature; while substantial increases were recorded in the categories of sociology, technology, medicine, and poetry. Considering the immense difficulties that attended book production in the last year of the war, the showing is most creditable.

With the commendable aim of giving American readers a broader knowledge of French life as portrayed in contemporary French fiction than has heretofore been afforded them, Messrs. Dutton will soon begin publication of a "Library of French Fiction" in new translations. The first three volumes announced are Eugene LeRoy's "Jacquou the Rebel," translated by Eleanor S. Brooks; Gaston Roupee's "Nono: Love and the Soil," translated by R. J. Beyer; and Fernand Vanderen's "Two Banks of the Seine," translated by George Raffalonch.

M. Cazamian, Maître de Conférences at the Sorbonne and a member of the French Educational Mission now in this country, brought a most optimistic account of the plans and prospects of the great French publishing houses. Hachette and Company in particular hope to begin shortly the publication of new editions of the French classics which in external form and editorial apparatus will supersede most editions current before the war. Because of the greatly increased interest in French culture now taken by people in this country, these publishers count on a much larger market here for French books. It is particularly desirable that the editions of Balzac and Stendhal, and especially the splendid Rabelais (issued under the auspices of the Société des Études rabelaisiennes, under the direction of Abel Lefranc), all of which were in course of publication by Champion and were interrupted by the war, will now be completed.

Art

Whistler

THE interest in Whistler is apparently inexhaustible and the exhibition of "Portraits of Whistler and Other Whistleriana" at the Arden Gallery helps to explain the reason. Whistler was no less distinct and distinguished as a personality than as an artist and an author, and the fact can not be forgotten even now that he is dead, for few men have been so often painted, drawn, etched, lithographed, modelled, photographed. The exhibition has gathered together many of these portraits and caricatures, chiefly from the collections of Mr. A. E. Gallatin and Mr. Howard Mansfield, a few originals, more reproductions—a fairly representative series. The two most important originals, however, came from Mr. Freer's collection, to-day the property of the Smithsonian, that is, of the nation. These are Whistler's own early "Whistler in the Big Hat" and the head by Fantin-Latour cut out of the large group afterwards destroyed, "Hommage à la Vérité—le Toast," both important not only as portraits, but as paintings. They have been often seen, often described, often praised. They belong to the period when Whistler and Fantin were still in close sympathy, still under the influence of the Louvre, though Fantin's was painted several years later than Whistler's. It is delightful to see them again, hanging side by side, beautiful in themselves and eloquent in their associations, but the delight is tempered. For an unexpected freshness of paint and of surface suggests the restorer. I would not care to say positively that they have been more than cleaned, but they look suspiciously like it, and restoration just now is perilously in fashion.

It would have added to the interest, in the cause of accuracy, had the alleged early Whistler, "Whistler Smoking," recently discovered in the possession of "a French family," also been hung. A photograph of it is here and, not far from it, another of the "Whistler in the Big Hat," and at least these may be compared. The comparison makes one wonder how it could be imagined that the two were by the same painter, especially as they are supposed to belong to the same period. Look at the eye-brows, the moustache, the hair, in the well-known Whistler, and then in the recent discovery! And would the painter who gave the modelling of forehead, cheek, chin, so carefully in the one, have been satisfied with no modelling at all in the other? And what a clumsy copy the dotted necktie in the "Whistler Smoking" seems, and would Whistler ever have painted that inexplicable detached hand holding the cigarette, far less like a hand than an attempt to imitate the broadly put-in handkerchief of the "Mother"? And, above all, study the way the head and shoulders are placed, first in the known and then in the unknown. But without going into such details, the quality, the stamp of genius is at once felt in art as in literature, even if it can not be defined. A man of intelligence need not be a trained critic to distinguish between the sonnet of the latest Grub-Street prodigy and the sonnet of Shakespeare. And so, in art there is no mistaking the indefinable quality only the master can give. Of course photographs, though the modern criticism of art may be based upon them, are not to be relied upon implicitly and the wise student of Whistler will wait to pronounce his verdict until the "Whistler Smoking" hangs before him on the same wall with the "Whistler in the Big Hat." In this case, the signature counts for nothing. It is easier to imitate a signature than a portrait. Of the other recently discovered portrait of Whistler by himself, now in the Freer collection, even the organizers of the exhibition have their doubts, for its reproduction is entered in the catalogue as "Whistler (attributed) Portrait." It is sufficient to see it in the reproduction to marvel that any one could have gone so far as even to attribute it to Whistler.

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Of the portraits of Whistler by other artists, it is strange how few are of value except as records. Sir William Boxall's, of which there is a photograph, has the grace and freshness as well as the charm of boyhood. The pencil drawing by Sir Edward J. Paynter, the sketch by Seymour Haden, the etching by Edwin Edwards, though not remarkable, are the serious memoranda of men who knew him intimately when he was a student or just starting out in life, and not mere fantastic exaggerations like the full-length by Chase and the numerous scribbles or tracings from snap-shots by Menpes. These have more of caricature, malicious caricature one suspects, than the drawings by many of the professed caricaturists. It is curious, indeed, that of Whistler, so individual in type, in dress, in every way, as to seem to lend himself to caricature, there should be but few really good. Charles Keene's stand out as exceptions, if not very wonderful exceptions, not masterpieces for the British artist whom Whistler ranked as the greatest since Hogarth, the greatest of all British artists in his esteem. But how cheap Du Maurier, Harry Furniss, and E. T. Reed seem after Keene, how tiresome the absurdly over-rated "Spy," how empty the pretentious "Max." Phil May gives more character, and if there is not much of Whistler's character in Beardsley's conception of him, as compensation there is much of Beardsley's in the design. The drawing by Alexander is described in the catalogue as a caricature, though I should have thought it intended to be serious. It is not very convincing; Whistler probably overpowered him. Fortunately only one photograph after Walter Greaves is shown, for many as are the Whistlers by Greaves, those who know how seldom Whistler spared the time to sit for anybody, and who also understand the relations that existed between Whistler and Greaves, can not but question if any were painted during Whistler's lifetime. At any rate, not one was exhibited or even heard of. It would be interesting to learn from an authoritative source if Whistler ever did sit to Greaves. Since Whistler's death a dozen or more full-lengths and many smaller portraits have been hawked 'round this country and Europe, and some of them dumped on galleries. Rajan's is almost the only one portrait of artistic note to bridge over the years between Whistler's own and Fantin's of the fifties and sixties, and Boldini's vivid, true, amazing impression of the nineties. How much of Whistler there is in the hand alone as Boldini saw and painted it! How much, too, of the old, the weary Whistler in Boldini's dry point, cruelly made while Whistler slept, for in those days Whistler awake was forever fighting valiantly against his weariness. Helleu's drypoints, done while Whistler was sitting for Boldini, verge upon caricature and drivel, however seriously Helleu may have meant them.

Whistler had always the right concern for the way his work was presented to the public and the right respect for the dignity of art. This was considered an eccentricity at a time when art in England meant a stepping stone to fortune and social success or else a text for a lay sermon from Ruskin. A reminder of the stand Whistler took and the storm it roused is in the collection of little brown paper-covered catalogues and pamphlets lent by Mr. Mansfield. The covers alone can be seen in the closed glass cases where they are arranged, but there is not one which does not show the care Whistler gave to the lettering and spacing of the title; not one which, if it could be opened, would not show the same care on every page. The catalogues in which he exposed the critics by judicious quotation of their blunders and inanities are here, also the famous "Art and Art Critics" and one or two editions of the "Ten o'Clock," and all these are as essential to an intelligent appreciation of Whistler as his paintings and prints. It is a pity that the catalogue of blue-and-white china he illustrated for Sir William Thompson could not have been opened, for the book is not so well known and it contains some of the most wonderful of the very few drawings Whistler ever made for illustration. Even in his letters his sense of the balance and spacing and harmony of a page can be seen, while the letter to his mother—"My own dearest mother"—reveals as well the tender side he kept hidden from the world, thinking it none of the world's business. The curious may read with surprise a consular invoice made out for work he was sending to Richard Canfield, noting that he was content to value some of his matchless lithographs at no more than ten dollars, though the little man of the moment was hoping to achieve greatness by inflating the prices of his most insignificant pieces. In fact, if Whistler's paintings and prints were to disappear, these and the many things in the miscellaneous collection of Whistleriana, trivial as they might seem to many, would explain to the observant man how true an artist Whistler was. They explain, too, the breadth of his interest in art and therefore of that interest in him which seems as fresh to-day as it was on the day of his death fifteen years ago. N. N.

Drama

The Marquis de Priola

"The Marquis de Priola" was written in 1902. That is its greatest fault. The world is not so much interested in the great voluptuary as it was, or rather the interests of the great voluptuary must be wider in scope than the Marquis de Priola's to be really great to-day. The play smacks too strongly of the leisure world and the ideals of idleness. The conquests of the Marquis are all too easy. His victims have no counterbalance to his fascinations. We would like to see him matched against a modern woman, a woman with a job or a creative interest in her family. She alone would be a foeman worthy of his steel. But Priola plays a safe game. The ladies he chooses to seduce are either mondaine cocottes or idle women, unhappily married, and childless into the bargain. Small credit to him for his success. He starts with a further advantage; the author is prejudiced in his favor; the ladies never have a fair chance. Madame de Valleroi's coquetry is stupidly obvious, Madame Le Chesne's indignation patently a shield.

Mr. Dietrichstein's performance is, however, so delightful that while in the theatre we begrudge the Marquis nothing. His Priola is a distinguished and memorable piece of work. But we wonder if even this can save the play from the charge of monotony. Mr. Dietrichstein's methods are as skilful and varied as the occasion requires but the occasions do not require enough. The one melody he plays in differing keys satisfies, no doubt, a French audience, sophisticated to the charm of subtle harmonies. America has always demanded a change of tune. T. H.

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"Guibour"

The Neighborhood Playhouse has offered another significant and beautiful production to its friends, in "Guibour," a French miracle play of the fourteenth century, with Madame Yvette Guilbert as the pivotal figure around which the story stirs, glows, and subsides. Guibour is the wife of the Mayor, prosperous and fervent, with a married daughter, a charming son-in-law, and the church close at hand, its pealing music and golden saints part of the fabric of her life. The Mayor takes his daughter on an errand to a neighboring village, and Guibour, on her stately way to mass, hears the scandal that has been spread through the town, twisting her happy relation to Aubin, her son-in-law, into one of lover and mistress. Guibour is blinded with shame and fury and her single instinct is to clear herself. She plans to have Aubin killed, and with tremendous rapidity the climax is reached; young Aubin dead, the assassins paid off, the daughter returns, and her grief shatters the mother's obsession, revealing the hideous results of her vengeance.

The Bailiff orders her burned at the stake. A miracle, ordained by the voice of God, saves Guibour from the flames. The populace, with mediæval rapidity, hush their curses and kneel in adoration to the Saint, and Guibour purified and in religious ectasy goes to a convent.

The scene—a public square with its open-doored church, gracious golden saints, and the rich house of Guibour—was designed by Robert Edmond Jones. Form and color were satisfying but the high point of the production was in the rhythm of action which flowed through the scenes, in the bending hurrying figures of the worshippers, in the whirl and agitation of the murder. The scene where Guibour is tied to the bloody stake, white and still, the fuel piled high at her feet, the mob red and surging, evil lusts leaping from their eyes and eager curved bodies; then the stillness of God's words—a silence—and the kneeling, silent people adoring the saint in the purified woman, was as stirring as an actual experience.

The last scene, which is called "The Vision," was the most perfect of all and added a new element to the play. Silence and moonlight are on the square. Guibour in her home keeps a white vigil, and with charming intimacy asks the Virgin how she could go and hear mass, when she has given her all to the church and has only her white shift left for adornment. The golden Virgin in her niche on the church steps, ordains that a mass be given for Guibour as a reward for her faithfulness, and with slow stateliness the glimmering statues come to life. The Virgin, Saint Gabriel, St. Michel, St. Jean, euphonious names and gracious figures, move through the ritual with solemn pomp. Guibour in still amazement watches, holding her Saint-given candle, and refuses obstinately to return it when the given moment in the ceremony arrives. The interchange between the indignant angels and the obstinate Guibour rippled with humor and the result of the struggle was a fragment of candle in Guibour's hands and a matching fragment for St. Michel.

The Guibour of Madame Guilbert was marked by great contrasts. At moments she seemed to enter into the very soul of her character, such as the scene of the realization of her crime, when she implored her husband's and daughter's pardon, as she was dragged to the stake, but there were neutral stretches when a certain conventionality veiled her portrayal. This is not strange in the *diseuse*, who has hitherto distilled her art, giving but the essence of her characters. Madame Guilbert is so great an artist that she will inevitably complete her picture. W.

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Finance

The Fifth Liberty Loan

UNUSUAL interest attaches to the flotation of the forthcoming Fifth Liberty Loan. The offering probably will be made in April and although the details of the loan have not been determined upon by the Treasury, it is believed that the issue will be placed at more attractive terms for the investors than were offered at any of the previous flotations.

Current discussion in financial circles suggests that the interest rate will be raised to at least 4½ per cent. and that the loan will run for only five years. On a purely business basis, it seems fair to assume that the loan would not receive very generous support if the 4¼ per cent. interest rate should be continued. This is not because the people are less patriotic than they were at the time that the war was in full swing. But now that the conflict is over and the investing public is being offered excellent securities, at prices which show an income return of from 5½ to 7½ per cent., it is natural that the average investor should try to build up his income so as to provide for the increased cost of living and the higher taxation to which he will be exposed under the provisions of the new revenue law.

Another factor has to do with the financial position of many of the largest subscribers for the previous Liberty Loan issues. Several corporations which subscribed for these issues did so at considerable inconvenience. Many were forced not only to use up most of the cash balance that they had, but in addition were compelled to obtain loans from their banks, in order to pay for the large blocks of Liberty Bonds for which they subscribed. In this way a considerable portion of the country's potential buying power has for the time being at least been exhausted.

This does not mean that the Government will fail to receive large subscriptions from the great life insurance companies and other corporations which figured so prominently in the marketing of the Fourth Liberty Loan. The effort of everybody will be to support this great Victory Loan so far as possible. In order, however, to insure a large over-subscription it may be necessary for the Government to hold out a greater inducement either by offering an increased interest rate, or by enlarging the tax exemption.

Whatever interest rate should be named and whatever other inducements may be offered by the Government to win a large over-subscription, it is to be hoped that something will be done to stabilize the market for Government bonds and prevent the quick declines that have followed the public offerings. It has been a real hardship for the millions of little investors who bought these bonds to find them decline rapidly almost as soon as they were offered. Under all conditions it will be necessary for thousands of these small holders to sell their bonds in order to finance some unlooked for emergency need. The Liberty Bond market must be the greatest of all bond markets. This is because there are more of these bonds outstanding than those of any other issue. The United States had a very limited market so far as the general public was concerned until these great Government loans were offered. Five years ago only 300,000 or 400,000 people constituted the bond market of this country.

As a result of our war financing, therefore, the American bond market is many thousand-fold larger than it was so far as the bond buying public is concerned. The potential investment demand has been broadened enormously and several million new names have been added to the list of possible bond buyers. Everything must be done to nourish this demand and safeguard the bond market which has gained new importance during the years when the country was at war.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM.

Bennett, Arnold. Self and Self-Management. Doran. $1.
Harrison, Frederic. On Society. Macmillan. $5.50.
Osgoode, J. A. Tell It in Gath. Sewanee, Tennessee: The University Press.
Royds, T. F. The Beasts, Birds, and Bees of Virgil. Longmans, Green. $1.50.
Sichel, Edith. New and Old. Dutton.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Crandall, C. H. Liberty Illumined. Stamford, Conn: The Advocate Print.
Hare, M. C. The Message of the Trees. Cornhill Company. $2.50.
Phillimore, J. S. Things New and Old. Oxford University Press. $2.50.
Reed, P. I. The Realistic Presentation of American Characters in Native American Plays Prior to 1870. Columbus: Ohio State University.
Roberts, C. V. H. Octavia and New Poems. The Torch Press. $1.50.
Sassoon, Siegfried. Counter-Attack and Other Poems. Dutton. $2.
Schnittkind, H. T. The Poets of the Future. A College Anthology for 1917-1918. Boston: Stratford Co. $1.50.
Scott, Lady Sybil. A Book of the Sea. Oxford University Press. $3.
Ward, T. H. The English Poets, Vol. V. Macmillan. $1.10.

FICTION

Adams, S. H. Common Cause. Houghton Mifflin. $1.60.
"Bartimeus." The Navy Eternal. Doran. $1.50.
Bennett, Arnold. The Roll-Call. Doran. $1.50.
Grey, Zane. The Desert of Wheat. Harper. $1.50.
Hall, Leland. Sinister House. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Kummer, F. A. The Web. Century. $1.50.
"Sapper." The Human Touch. Doran. $1.50.
Schnittkind, H. T. The Best College Short Stories. Boston: Stratford Co. $1.50.
Stewart, C. D. Buck. Houghton Mifflin. $1.60.
Swinnerton, Frank. Shops and Houses. Doran. $1.50.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Drown, E. S. God's Responsibility for the War. Macmillan. 60 cents.
Frazer, J. G. Folk-Lore in the Old Testament. 3 volumes. Macmillan. $15.
Goddard, Harold. Morale. Doran. $1 net.
Mackenzie, J. S. Outlines of Social Philosophy. Macmillan. $2.60.
Rhys-Davids, T. W. Cosmic Law in Ancient Thought. Oxford University Press. 45 cents.
Swift, M. I. Can Mankind Survive. Marshall Jones. $1.50.

THE ARTS

Raemaekers' Cartoon History of the War. Volume 2. Century. $1.75.
Sonneck, O. G. Early Opera in America. G. Schirmer. $3.
Van Vechten, Carl. The Music of Spain. Knopf. $1.50.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Clemenceau, Georges. France Facing Germany: Speeches and Articles. Translated by Ernest Hunter Wright. Dutton. $2.
Foulke, W. D. Fighting the Spoilsmen. Putnam. $2.
McCann, A. W. This Famishing World. Doran. $2.
Magnus, L. A. Roumania's Cause and Ideals. Dutton.
Moore, Frederick. The Chaos in Europe. Putnam. $1.50.
Morse, H. B. The International Relations of the Chinese Empire. Volumes II and III. Longmans, Green. $16.
Ogg, F. A. and Beard, C. A. National Governments and the World War. Macmillan. $2.50.
Sayre, F. B. Experiments in International Administration. Harpers. $1.50.
Towne, C. H. Shaking Hands with England. Doran. $1 net.

EDUCATION

Cather, K. D. Educating by Story-Telling. World Book Company.
Clark, K. U. Teaching the Child Patriotism. Page. $1.
Freeman, C. E., editor. Virgil. Æneid VI. Oxford University Press.
Greenlaw, E. and Hanford, J. H., editors. The Great Tradition. Scott, Foresman. $2.25.
Prichard, A. O., translator. Selected Essays of Plutarch. Vol. II. Oxford University Press. $1.50.
Schoch, Parke and Gross, Marray. Elements of Business. American Book Co.
Speare, M. E., and Norris, W. B., editors. World War Issues and Ideals. Ginn.
Subotic, D., and Forbes, N. Serbian Grammar. Oxford University Press. $3.

JUVENILE

Patchin, F. G. The Battleship Boys on Sky Patrol. Altemus.
Tales and Tags. Knopf. $1.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bruce, W. C. Below the James: A Plantation Sketch. Neale Publishing Company.
Crowther, J. A. The Life and Discoveries of Michael Faraday. Macmillan. $1.
Selected Articles on a League of Nations. Compiled by E. M. Phelps. H. W. Wilson Co.
Swann, H. J. French Terminologies in the Making. Columbia University Press.
U. S. Compiled Statutes, 1918. Compiled by J. A. Mallory. St. Paul: West Publishing Company.
Van Vorst, R. A Popular History of France. Stokes.

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